



A King and no King.

Acted at the *Globe*, by his Maie-
sties Seruants.

Written by *Francis Beaumont*, and *Iohn Fletcher*.



A T LONDON

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TO
THE RIGHT
VVORSHIPFULL,
AND WORTHIE
Knight, Sir HENRIE
NEVILL.

WORTHY SIR,

I Present, or rather returne vnto your view,
that which formerly hath beene receiued from
you, hereby effecting what you did desire: To
commend the worke in my vnlearned method,
were rather to detract from it, then to giue it any
luster. It sufficeth it hath your Worships ap-
prohation and patronage, to the commendation
of the Authors, and incouragement of their fur-
ther labours: and thus wholly committing my
selfe and it to your Worships dispose I rest, euer
readie to doe you seruice, not onely in the like,
but in what I may.

Thomas VValkley.





A King and NO KING.

Enter Mardonius and Bessus.

Mar. **B**essus, the KING has made a fayre hand on't, has ended the warres at a blow, would my sword had a close basket hilt to hold wine, and the blade would make knives, for we shall haue nothing but eating and drinking.

Bes. We that are commanders shall doe well enough.

Mar. Faith *Bes.* such cōmanders as thou may, I had as liue see thee *Perdue* for a pudding yth darke, as *Alexander* the great.

Bes. I loue these iests exceedingly.

Mar. I thinke thou lou'st them better then quarrelling *Bessus*, He say so much ythy behalfe, and yet thou art valiant enough vpon a retreat, I thinke thou wouldst kill any man that stopt thee, and thou couldst.

Bes. But was not this a braue combate *Mardonius*?

Mar. Why, didst thou see't?

Bes. You stood with me.

Mar. I did so, but me thought thou winkst euery blowe they strake.

Bes. Well, I beleue there are better Souldiers then I, that neuer saw two Princes fight in lists.

Mar. By my troth I thinke so too *Bessus*, many a thousand, but certainly all that are worse then thou haue seene as much.

Bes. It was brauely done of our King.

Mar. Yes, if he had not ended the warres, I am glad thou darst talke of such dangerous busineses.

Bess. To take a Prince prisoner in the heart of his owne Countrey in single combate.

Mar. See how thy bloud cruddles at this, I thinke thou wouldst be contented to be beaten in this passion.

Bess. Shall I tell you trulie.

Mar. I.

Bess. I could willingly venter for it.

Mar. Vnto, no venter neither good *Bessus.*

Bess. Let me not lye, if I doe not thinke it is a brauer peece of seruice, then that I me so fam'd for.

Mar. Why art thou fam'd for any valour?

Bess. I fam'd, I, I warrant you.

Mar. I am verie heartily glad on't, I haue beene with thee euer since thou cam'st ath'warres, and this is the first word that ener I heard on't, prethee who fames thee?

Bess. The Christian world.

Mar. Tis heathenishly done of them, in my conscience thou deseru'st it not.

Bess. Yes, I ha done good seruice.

Mar. I doe not know how thou maist waite of a man in's Chamber, or thy agilitie in shifting a trencher, but otherwise no seruice good *Bessus.*

Bess. You saw me doe the seruice your selfe.

Mar. Not so hastie sweet *Bessus*, where was it, is the place vanish.

Bess. At *Bessus* desperate redemption.

Mar. *Bessus* desperate redemption, wher's that.

Bess. There where I redeemd the day, the place beares my

Mar. Prethee who christned it. (name.

Bess. The Souldier.

Mar. If I were not a very meerely dispos'd man, what would become of thee: one that had but a graine of coller in the whole composition of his body, would send thee of an arrand to the wormes, for putting thy name vpon that field: did not I beat thee there yth head, a'th troupes with a truncheon, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy company.

pany, when we should charge the enimie.

Bes. True, but I did not runne.

Mar. Right *Bessus*, I beat thee out on't.

Bes. But came not I vp when the day was gone, and re-
deem'd all?

Mar. Thou knowst, and so doe I, thou mean'st to flie, and
thy feare making thee mistake, thou ranst vpon the enimie,
and a hot charge thou gau'st, as Ile doe thee right, thou art
furious in running away, and I thinke we owe thy feare for
our victorie. If I were the King, and were sure thou wouldst
mistake alwayes, and runne away vppon the enimie, thou
shouldst be Generall by this light.

Bes. Youle neuer leaue this pill I fall foule.

Mar. No more such words deare *Bessus*: for though I
haue euer knowne thee a coward, and therefore durst neuer
strike thee; yet if thou proceedst, I will allow thee valiant,
and beate thee.

Bes. Come, come, our King's a braue fellow.

Mar. He is so *Bessus*, I wonder how thou com'st to know
it: But if thou wert a man of vnderstanding, I would tell thee
he is vain-glorious, and humble, and angrie, and patient, and
merrie, and dull, and ioyfull, and sorrowfull, in extremities
in an houre: Doe not thinke mee thy friend for this, for if I
car'd who knew it, thou shouldst not heare it *Bessus*: here hee
is with the prey in his foote.

Enter Arbaces and Tigranes, with attendants.

Arb. Thy sadnesse (braue *Tigranes*) takes away
From my fall victorie; am I become
Of so small fame, that any man should grieue
When I orecome him: They that plac't me here,
Intended it an honour large enough
For the most valiant liuing; but to dare
Oppose me single, though he lost the day,
VWhat should afflict you, you are free as I,
To be my prisoner, is to be more free,
Then you were formerlie; and neuer thinke
The man I held worthy to combat me,
Shall be vs'd seruilly: Thy ransom is

To take my onely sifter to thy wife;
 A heauy one *Tigranes*: for shee is
 A Ladie that the neighbour Princes send
 Blanks to fetch home: I haue beene too vnkind
 To her *Tigranes*, shee but nine yeere old,
 I left her, and nere saw her since: your warres
 Haue held me long, and taught me, though a youth,
 The way to victorie: shee was a pretty childe
 Then, I was little better; but now same
 Cries loudly on her, and my Messengers
 Make me belecue shee is a miracle;
 Sheele make you shrinke as I did, with a stroke
 But of her eye *Tigranes*.

Tigr: Is it the course of
Iberia, to vse their prisoners thus?
 Had Fortune throwne my name aboue *Arbaces*,
 I should not thus haue talkt: for in *Armenia*
 vve hold it base; you should haue kept your temper,
 Till you saw home agen; where tis the fashion
 Perhaps to brag.

Arb. Bee you my witnesse Earth:
 Neede I to brag, doth not this captiue Prince
 Speake me sufficiently, and all the A&S
 That I haue wrought vpon his suffering Land?
 Should I then boast? Where lies that foot of ground
 Within his whole Realme, that I haue not past
 Fighting, and Conquering? Farre then from mee
 Be ostentation: I could tell the World
 How I haue laid his Kingdome desolate
 With this sole arme, propt by Diuinity,
 Stript him out of his glories, and haue sent
 The pride of all his youth to people graues,
 And made his Virgins languish for their lones;
 If I would brag, Should I that haue the power
 To teach the Neighbour world humility,
 Mix with vaine glory.

Mar. In deede this is none?

Arb. *Tigranes*, no; did I but take delight

To stretch my deedes as others doe on words,
I could amaze my hearers.

Mar. So you doe :

Arb. But he shall wrong his, and my modesty
That thinkes me apt to boast : After an Act
Fit for a God to doe vpon his foe,
A little glory in a souldiers mouth,
Is well becomming, bee it farre from vaine.

Mar. Its pittie that valout should be thus drunke.

Arba. I offer you my Sister, and you answere,
I doe insult : A Lady that no suit
Nor treasure, nor thy Crowne could purchase thee,
But that thou faughtst with mee.

Tigr. Though this bee worse
Then that you ipoke before, it strikes not mee
But that you thinke to ouer-grace mee with
The marriage of your Sister, troubles mee,
I would giue worlds for ransomes were they mine,
Rather then haue her.

Arb. See if I insult
That am the Conqueror, and for a ransome
Offer rich treasure to the conquered,
Which he refuses, and I beare his scorne.
It cannot be selfe flattery to say,
The daughters of your Country set by her
Would see their shame : runne home, and blush to death
At their owne foulnessse, yet shee is not faire,
Nor beautifull, those words expresse her not,
They say her lookes are something excellent,
That wants a name yet : were shee odious
Her birth deserues the Empire of the world.
Sister to such a Brother, that hath tane
Victorie prisoner, and throughout the Earth
Carries her bound ; and should hee let her loose,
Shee durst not leaue him : Nature did her wrong
To print continuall conquest on her cheekes,
And make no man worthy for her to take,
But mee that am too neare her ; and as strangely

Shee did for mee : But you will thinke I brag.

Mar. I doe Ile be sworne. Thy Valour and thy passions
seuerd, would haue made two excellent fellowes in their
kindes : I know not whether I should be sorry thou art so va-
liant, or so passionate, would one of vm were away.

Tigr. Doe I refuse her that I doubt her worth,
Were shee as vertuous as shee would be thought,
So perfect, that no owne of her owne sex
Would finde a want, had shee so tempting faire,
That shee could wish it off her damning soules,
I would pay any Ransome, twenty times,
Rather then meet her married in my bed :
Perhaps I haue a Loue, where I haue fixt
Mine eies, not to bee moou'd, and shee on mee;
I am not fickle :

Arb. Is that all the cause ?

Thinke you, you can so knit your selfe in loue
To any other, that her searching sight
Cannot dissolue it? So before you tride
You th ight your selfe a match for mee in fight :
Trust mee *Tigranes* shee can doe as much
In peace, as I in Warre; shee le conquer too
You shall see, if you haue the power to stand
The force of her swift lookes, if you dislike,
Ile send you home with loue, & name your ransome
some other way : but if shee bee your choise
shee frees you : to *Ileria* you must.

Tigr. Sir, I haue learnt a Prisoners sufferance,
And will obey, but giue mee leaue to talke
In priuate with some friends before I goe .

Arb. Some two await him forth, and see him safe,
But let him freely send for whom he please,
And none dare to disturbe his conference :
I will not haue him know what bondage is *Exe.*
Till he be free from mee. This Prince *Mardonius*
Is full of vvisdome, Valour, all the graces
Man can receiue.

Mar. And yet you Conquered him?

Arb.

Arb. And yet I conquered him, & could haue don
Hadst thou ioynd with him, thogh thy name in Armes
Bee great; Must all men that are vertuous
Thinke suddenly to match themselues with mee :
Iconquered him, and brauely; did I not?

Bef. And please your Maiesty I was afraid at first.

Mar. When wert thou other?

Arb. Of what?

Bef. That you would not haue spide your best aduantages,
for your Maiesty in my opinion lay too high me thinkes, vn-
der fauour, you should haue laine thus.

Mar. Like a Taylor at a vwake.

Bef. And then, ist please your Maiesty to remember, at
one time, by my Troth, I wisht my selfe with you.

Mar. By my Troth thou wouldst haue funke vm both
out oth lists.

Arb. vvhat to doe?

Bef. To put your Maiesty in mind of an occasion; you lay
thus, and *Tigranes* falsified a blow at your leg, which you by
doing thus auoided; but if you had whipt vp your leg thus,
and reacht him on th'eare, you had made the bloud runne
abouts head.

Mar. vvhat contry-fence-schoole didst thou learn that at?

Arb. Pust, did I not take him nobly?

Mar. VVhy you did, and you haue talkt enough on't.

Arb. Talke enough,

vvhile you confine my words, by Heauen and Earth,
I weremuch better bee a King of Beasts
Then such a people: If I had not patience
Aboeue a god, I should be cald a Tyrant
Throughout the VVorld. They will offend to death
Each minute: Let me heare thee speake againe
And thou art earth againe: vvhy this is like
Tigranes speech, that needs would say, I brag'd.
Bessus hee said I brag'd.

Bef. Haha ha,

Arb. VVhy dost thou laugh?

By all the world Ime growne ridiculous

To my owne subiects: Tye me to a chaire
 And iest at mee, but I shall make a start
 And punish some, that other will take heede
 How they are haughty; who will answer mee?
 He said I boasted, speake *Mardonius*,
 Did I? He will not answer: O my Temper!
 I giue you thanks aboue, that taught my heart
 Patience, I can indure his silence; what will none
 Vouchsafe to giue mee audience, am I growne
 To such a poore respect or doe you meane
 To breake my wind, speake, speake soone one of you.
 Or else by Heauen,

1 Gent. So please your,

Arb Monstrous,

I cannot bee heard out, they cut me off
 As if I were too sawcy; I will liue
 In woods, and talke to Trees. they will allow mee
 To end what I begin. The meanest Subiect
 Can finde a freedome to discharge his soule,
 And not I, now it is a time to speake,
 I harken.

1 Gent. May it please,

Arb. I meane not you,

Did not I stop you once? but I am growne
 To balke, but I desire, let another speake.

2 Gent. I hope your Maiesty,

Arb. Thou drawest thy words

That I must waite an hower, where other men
 Can heare in instants; throw your words away
 Quicke, and to purpose, I haue told you this.

Des. An't please your Maiesty:

Arb. Wilt thou deuoure me? this is such a rudenes

As yet you neuer shewed mee, and I want
 Power to command ~~thee~~^{too}, else *Mardonius*
 Would speake at my request; were you my King,
 I would haue answered at your word *Mardonius*,
 I pray you speake, and true y, did I boast?

Mar. Truth will offend you.

Arb.

Arb. You take all great care what will offend me,
When you dare to vtter such things as these.

Mar. You told *Tigranes*, you had won his Land
With that sole arme propt by Diuinity:
Was not that bragging, and a wrong to vs
That daily venturde liue?

Arb. O that thy name
Were great as mine, would I had paid my wealth,
It were as great, that I might combate thee;
I would through all the Regions habitable
Search thee, and hauing found thee, with my Sword
Driue thee about the vworld, till I had met
Some place that yet mans curiosity
Hath mist of; there, there would I strike thee dead:
Forgotten of Man' ind, such Funerall Pites
As Beaste would giue thee thou shouldst haue

Bef. The King
Rage, extremely, shall wee flinke away;
Heele strike vs:

2 Gent. Content.

Arb. There I would make you know t'was this sole arme,
I grant you were my Instruments, and did
As I commanded you, but t'was this Arme
Mou'd you like wheelles, it mou'd you as it pleas'd:
vvhither slip you now? what are you too good
To waite on mee? I had neede haue temper
That rule such people; I haue nothing left
At my owne choise, I would I might be priuate:
Meane men enioy themselves, but tis our curse,
To haue a tumult that out of their loues
vvill waite on vs whether we will or no;
vvill you be gone? why heere they stand like death,
My word mooues nothing.

2 Gent. Must we goe?

Bef. I know not.

Arb. I pray you leaue me Sirs, I'me proud of this,
That they will be intreated from my sight:
vvhy now they leaue mee all: *Mardonius*,

Mar. Sir.

B 3

Arb.

Arb. vwill you leaue me quite alone? me thinks
Ciuitly should teach you more then this,
If I were but your friend: stay heere, and waite.

Mar. Sir, shall I speake?

Arb. vvhy you would now thinke much
To bee denide, but I can scarce intreat
vvhat I would haue: doe, speake.

Mar. But will you heare mee out?

Arb. vvith me you article to talke thus: well
I will heare you out.

Mar. Sir, that I haue euer loued you, my sword hath spo-
ken for me, that I doe, if it bee doubted, I dare call an oath a-
great one to my witnesse: and were you not my King, from
amongst men, I should haue chose you out to loue about the
rest: nor can this challenge thanks: for my own sake I should
haue doted, because I would haue lou'd the most deseruing
man, for so you are.

Arb. Alas *Mardonius*, rise, you shall not kneele;
vve all are Souldiers, and all venter liues:
And where there is no difference in mens worths,
Titles are iests: who can out vallew thee?
Mardonius thou hast lou'd me, and hast wrong,
Thy loue is not rewarded, but beleeye
It shall be better, more then friend in armes,
My Father, and my Tutor, good *Mardonius*.

Mar. Sir, you did promise you would heare me out.

Arb. And so I will, speake freely, for from thee
Nothing can come but worthy things and true.

Mar. Though you haue al this worth, you hold som qualities
that doe eclipse your vertues.

Arb. Eclipse my vertue?

Mar. Yes your passions, which are so manifold, that they
appeare euen in this: when I commend you, you hug mee for
that truth: when I speak of your faults, you make a start, and
flie the hearing: but,

Arb. vvhen you commend me? O that I should liue
To neede such commendations: If my deedes
Blew not my praise themselues about the earth,

I were

I were most wretched: spare your idle praise:
If thou didst meane to flatter, and should'st vtter
vvords in my praise, that thou thoughtst impudence,
My deedes should make vm modest: when you praise,
I hug you; 'tis so false, that wert thou worthy
Thou should'st receiue a death, a glorious death
From me: but thou shalt vnderstand thy lies,
For shouldst thou praise mee into Heauen, and there
Leaue me inthron'd, I would despise thee ~~though~~ *then*
As much as now, which is as much as dust,
Becaule I see thy enuy.

Mar. How euer you will vse me after, yet for your owne
promise sake heare me the rest.

Arb. I will, and after call vnto the windes,
For they shall lend as large an eare as I
To what you vtter: speake.

Mar. vvould you but leaue these hasty tempers, which I
doe not say take from you all your worth, but darken vm,
then you would shine indeede.

Arb. Well.

Mar. Yet I would haue you keepe some passions, least
men should take you for a god, your vertues are such.

Arb. Why now you flatter.

Mar. I neuer vnderstood the word, were you no King, &
free from these wilde moodes, should I chuse a companion
for wit and pleasure, it should bee you, or for honest, to en-
terchange my bosome with, it would be you; or wisdom to
to giue me counsel, I would pick out you: or vallor to defend
my reputation, still I would find out you, for you are fit to
fight for all the vvorld, if it could come in question: Now I
haue spoke, consider to your selfe, finde out a vse? if so, then
what shall fall to mee is not materiall.

Arb. Is not materiall: more then ten such liues
As mine *Mardonius*: it was Nobly said,
Thou hast spoake truth, and boldly, such a truth
As might offend another. I haue bin
Too passionate, and idle, thou shalt see
A swift amendment: But I want those parts

You:

You praise me for : I fight for all the vworld:
 Giue thee a Sword, and thou wilt goe as farre
 Beyond mee, as thou art beyond in yeares,
 I know thou dar'st, and wilt; It troubles mee
 That I should vse so rough a phrate to thee,
 Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt,
 So thou wilt pardon mee; that thou and I
 Should differ thus.

Mar. vvhy 'tis no matter Sir :

Arb. Faith but tis, but thou dost euer take
 All things I doe thus patiently, for which
 I neuer can requite thee but with loue,
 And that thou shalt bee sure of. Thou and I
 Haue not bin merry lately : pray thee tell mee
 vvhere hadst thou that same iewell in thine care ?

Mar. vvhy at the taking of a Towne.

Arb. A vvench vpon my life, a wench *Mardonius*
 Gaue thee that Iewell.

Mar. vvench, they respect not mee, I me old and rough,
 and euery limbe about mee, but that which should growes
 stiffer : Ith those busineses I may sweare I am truly honest:
 for I pay iustly for what I take, and would bee glad to be at
 a certainty.

Arb. vvhy doe the wenches incroch vpon thee ?

Mar. I by this light doe they.

Arb. Didst thou sit at an old rent with vm ?

Mar. Yes faith.

Arb. And doe they imbrooue themselues ?

Mar. I, ten shillings to mee, euery new yong fellow they
 come acquainted with.

Arb. How canst liue on't ?

Mar. Why I thinke I must petition to you.

Arb. Thou shalt take vm vp at my price.

Mar. Your price ?

Arb. I at the Kings price.

Mar. That may be more then I am worth.

1 *Gent.* Is he not merry now ?

2 *Gent.* I thinke not.

Bes. He is, he is, wee le shew our selues.

Arb. *Bessus* I thought you had beene in *Iberia* by this, I bad you halte, *Gobrias* will want entertainment for me.

Bes. An't please your Maiestie I haue a sute.

Arb. Ist not low sic *Bessus*, what ist?

Bes. I am to carrie a Lady with me.

Arb. Then thou hast two sutes.

Bess. And if I can preferre her to the Ladie *Panthan*^{er} your Maiesties sister, to learne fashions as her friends terme it, it will be worth something to me.

Arb. So many nights lodgings as tis thither, will not?

Bes. I know not that, but gold I shall be sure of.

Arb. Why thou shalt bid her entertaine her from mee, so thou wilt resolue me one thing.

Bess. If I can.

Arb. Faith tis a very disputable question, yet I thinke thou canst decide it.

Bess. Your Maiestie has a good opinion of my vnderstanding.

Arb. I haue so good an opinion of it: 'tis whether thou be valiant.

Bess. Some bodie has tradust me to you: doe you see this sword Sir?

Arb. Yes.

Bes. If I doe not make my back-biters cate it to a knife within this weeke, say I am not valiant. *Enter Messenger.*

Mess. Health to your Maiestie.

Arb. From *Gobrias*?

Mess. Yes Sir.

Arb. How does he, is he well?

Mess. In perfect health.

Arb. Thanke thee for thy good newes,
A trustier seruant to his Prince there liues not
Then is good *Gobrias*.

1 *Gent.* The King starts backe.

Mar. His blood goes backe as fast:

2 *Gent.* And now it comes againe:

Mar. He alters strangely.

Arb. The hand of Heauen is on me, be it farre
 From me to struggle; if my secret finnes
 Haue pul'd this curse vpon me, lend me teares.
 Enough to wash me white, that I may feele
 A childlike innocence within my brest;
 Which once perform'd, O giue me leaue to stand
 As fixt as constancie her selfe, my eyes
 Set here vnmou'd, regardlesse of the World,
 Though thousand miseries incompasse me.

Mar. This is strange, Sir, how doe you?

Arb. *Mardonius* my mother:

Mar. Is shee dead?

Arb. Alas, shees not so happie; thou dost know
 How shee hath labour'd since my Father died
 To take by treason hence this loathed life,
 That would but be to serue her, I haue pardon'd
 And pardon'd, and by that haue made her fit
 To practise new finnes, not repent the olde;
 Shee now has hir'd a slaue to come from thence
 And strike me here, whom *Gobrias* sisting out,
 Tooke, and condemn'd, and executed there
 The carefulst seruant: Heauen let me but liue
 To pay that man; Nature is poore to me,
 That will not let me haue as many deaths
 As are the times that he hath sau'd my life,
 That I might die vniouer all for him.

Mar. Sir let her beare her sins on her owne head,
 Vex not your selfe.

Arb. VVhat will the world
 Conceiue of me? with what vnnaturall finnes
 VVill they suppose me laden, when my life
 Is sought by her that gaue it to the world?
 But yet he writes me comfort here, my sister
 He sayes is growne in beautie, and in grace,
 In all the innocent vertues that become
 A tender spotlesse maide: shee stains her cheekes
 VVith mourning teares to purge her Mothers ill,
 And mongst her sacred dew shee mingles prayers,

Her pure oblations for my safe returne :
 If I haue lost the dutie of a sonne,
 If any pompe or vanitie of state
 Made me forget my naturall offices ;
 Nay farther, if I haue not euerie night
 Expollulated with my wandring thoughts,
 If ought vnto my Parent they haue err'd,
 And cald vm backe : doe you direct her arme
 Vnto this soule dissembling heart of mine :
 But if I haue beene iust to her, send out
 Your power to compasse me, and hold me safe
 From searching treason; I will vse no meanes
 But prayers: for rather suffer me to see
 From mine own veines issue a deadly floud,
 Then wash my dangers off with Mothers bloud :

Mar. I nere saw such sudden extremities.

Exeunt

Enter Tigranes, and Spaconia.

Tigr. Why, wilt thou haue me die *Spaconia*,
 What should I doe?

Spa. Nay, let me stay alone,
 And when you see *Armenia* againe,
 You shall behold a Toombe more worth then I,
 Some friend that either loues me, or my cause,
 VVill build me something to distinguish me
 From other women: Many a weeping verse
 He will lay on, and much lament those maides
 That place their loues vnfortunately ~~in~~ *light, high*
 As I haue done, where they can neuer reach :
 But why should you goe to *Iberia*?

Tigr. Alas, that thou wilt aske me; Aske the man
 That rages in a feauer, why hee lies
 Distemper'd there, when all the other youths
 Are coursing ore the Meadows with their loues?
 Can I resist it? am I not a slaue
 To him that conquer'd me?

Spa. That conquer'd thee, *Tigranes* he has won but halfe of *thee*,
 Thy bodie; but thy minde may be as free
 As his, his will did neuer combate thine,

And take it prisoner :

Tigr. But if hee by force
Conuey my bodie hence, what helps it me
Or thee to be vnwilling ?

Spa. O *Tigranes*,
I know you are to see a Ladie there,
To see, and like I feare: perhaps the hope
Of her makes you forget me ere we part,
Be happier then you know to wish: farewell.

Tigr. *Spaconia* stay, and heare me what I say:
In short destruction meete me, that I may
See it, and not auoid it when I leaue
To be thy faithfull Louer: part with me
Thou shalt not, there are none that know our loue;
And I haue giuen gold to a Captaine
That goes vnto *Iberia* from the King,
That he would place a Ladie of our Land
With the Kings sister that is offer'd me;
Thither shall you, and being once got in,
Perswade her by what subtile meanes you can
To be as backward in her loue as I.

Spa. Can you imagine that a longing maide
VVhen shee beholds you, can be puld away
VVith words from louing you?

Tigr. Dispraise my health,
My honestie, and tell her I am iealous:

Spa. VVhy, I had rather loose you: Can my heart
Consent to let my tongue throw out such words,
And I that euer yet spoke what I thought,
Shall find it such a thing at first to lie:

Tigr. Yet doe thy best. *Ent. Bessus.*

Bes. VVhat is your Maiestie readie?

Tigr. There is the Ladie Captaine.

Bes. Sweet Ladie by your leaue, I could wish my selfe
more full of Courtship for your faire sake.

Spa. Sir I shall find no want of that.

Bes. Lady, you must haste, I haue receiued new letters
from the King, that requires more speed then I expected he:
will

will follow me suddenly himselfe, and beginnes to call for
your Maiestie alreadie.

Tigr. He shall not doe so long.

Bes. Sweet Ladie shall I call you my charge hereafter?

Spa. I will not take vpon me to gouerne your tongue Sir,
you shall call me what you please: *Finis Actus Primi.*

Actus Secundus Scena Prima.

*Enter Gobrias, Bacurius, Arane, Panthaa, and Mandane, waiting
women, with attendance.*

Gob. **M**Y Lord Bacurius, you must haue regard
Vnto the Queene, shee is your prisoner,
Tis at your perill if shee make escape.

Bac. My Lord I know't, shee is my prisoner
From you committed; yet shee is a woman,
And so I keepe her safe: you will not vrge me
To keepe her close, I shall not shame to say
I sorrow for her.

Gob. So doe I my Lord.
I sorrow for her that so little grace
Doth gouerne her, that shee should stretch her arme
Against her King, so little womanhood
And naturall goodnesse, as to thinke the death
Of her owne Sonne.

Ara. Thou know'st the reason why,
Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speake.

Gob. There is a Ladie takes not after you,
Her Father is within her, that good man
Whose teares paid downe his sinnes, marke how shee weeps,
How well it does become her; and if you
Can find no disposition in your selfe
To sorrow, yet by gracefullnesse in her
Find out the way, and by your reason weepe:
All this shee does for you, and more shee needes,
When for your selfe you will not lose a teare;

Thinke how this want of grieffe discredits you,
And you will weepe, because you cannot weepe:

Ara. You talke to me as hauing got a time
Fit for your purpose; but you know I know
You speake not what you thinke.

Pan. I would my heart
Were stone, before my softnesse should be vrg'd
Against my Mother, a more troubled thought
No Virgin beares about her; should I excuse
My Mothers fault, I should let light a life,
In loosing which, a brother and a King
Were taken from me; If I seeke to saue
That life so lou'd, I loose another life
That gaue me being, I shall loose a Mother,
A word of such a sound in a childes eare,
That it strikes reuerence through it: May the will
Of Heauen be done, and if one needes must fall,
Take a poore Virgins life to answere all.

Ara. But *Gobrias* let vs talke; you know this fault
Is not in me as in another woman:

Gob. I know it is not:

Ara. Yet you make it so.

Gob. Why, is not all that's past beyond your helpe?

Ara. I know it is.

Gob. Nay, should you publish it
Before the world, thinke you twill be belieu'd?

Ara. I know it would not.

Gob. Nay, should I ioine with you,
Should we not both be torne? and yet both die
Vncredited?

Ara. I thinke we should.

Gob. Why then
Take you such violent courses? as for me,
I doe but right in sauing of the King
From all your plots.

Ara. The King?

Gob. I bad you rest with patience, and a time
VVould come for me

To reconcile all to your owne content:
But by this way you take away my power,
And what was done vnknowne, was not by me,
But you, your vrging, being done,
I must preferue mine owne; but time may bring
All this to light, and happily for all.

Ara. Accursed be this ouercurious braine,
That gaue that plot a birth; accurst this wombe,
That after did conceiue to my disgrace.

Bac. My Lo d Protector, they say there are diuers Letters
come from *Armenia* that *Bessus* has done good seruice, and
brought againe a day by his particular valour: receiu'd you
any to that effect?

Gob. Yes, tis most certaine.

Bac. Ime sorrie fort, not that the day was wonne, but that
twas wonne by him; wee held him here a coward, hee did me
wrong once, at which I laught, and so did all the world: for,
nor I, nor any other held time worth my sword.

Enter Bessus, and Spaconia.

Bes. Health to my Lord Protector, from the King these
Letters, and to your grace Madam these:

Go. How does his Maiestie?

Bes. As well as conquest by his owne meanes, and his va-
liant commanders can make him: your letters will tel you all.

Pan. I will not open mine till I doe know
My brothers health; good Captaine is he well?

Bes. As the rest of vs that fought are:

Pan. But howes that, is he hurt?

Bes. Hees a strange Souldier that gets not a knock,

Pan. I doe not aske how strange that Souldier is
That gets no hurt; but whether he haue one?

Bes. He had diuers.

Pan. And is he well againe?

Bes. VVell againe, ant please your grace; why I was run
twice through the bodie, and shot ith head with a crosse ar-
row, and yet am well againe.

Pan. I doe not care how thou dost, is he well?

Bes. Not care how I doe, let a man out of the mightinesse
of

of his spirit fructifie forraigne Countries with his bloud for the good of his owne, and thus he shall be answered: why, I may liue to relieue with speare and shield such a Ladie distressed.

Pan. Why, I will care, I am glad that thou art well; I prethee is he so?

Gob. The King is well, and will be here to morrow.

Pan. My prayers are heard; now I will open mine.

Gob. Bacurins, I must ease you of your charge:
Madam, the wonted mercie of the King
That ouertakes your faults, has met with this,
And stricke it out; he has forgiuen you freele,
Your owne will is your Law, be where you please.

Ara. I thanke him.

Gob. You will be readie
To waite vpon his Maiestie to morrow?

Ara. I will.

Bac. Madam, be wise hereafter:
I am glad I haue lost this Office. *Exit.*

Gob. Good Captaine *Bessus*, tell vs the discourse
Betweene *Tigranes* and our King, and how
We got the victorie.

Pan. I prethee doe,
And if my brother were in any danger,
Let not thy tale make him abide there long,
Before thou bring him off; for all that while
My heart will beate.

Bes. Madam, let what will beate, I must tell truth, and thus it was: They fought single in lists but one to one, as for my own part I was dangerouslie hurt but three dayes before, else perhaps wee had beene two to two; I cannot tell, some thought wee had; and the occasion of my hurt was this, the enimie had made trenches.

Gob. Captaine, without the manner of your hurt be much materiall to this businesse, wee leaue it some other time.

Pan. I, I prethee leaue it, and goe on with my brother.

Bes. I will, but 'twould be worth your hearing: To the lists they came, and single sword and gauntlet was their fight.

Pan.

Pan. Alas.

Bes. Without the lists there stood some dozen Captaines of either side mingled, all which were sworne, and one of those was I: and twas my chance to stand neere a Captaine of the Enemies side, called *Tiribasus*; valiant they said he was: whilst these two Kings were stretching themselves, this *Tiribasus* cast something a scornfull looke on mee, and askt mee whom I thought would ouercome: I smilde, and told him, if hee would fight with me, he should perceiue by the euent of that whose King would winne; something hee answered, and a scuffle was like to grow, when one *Zipetus* offerd to helpe him: I —

Pan. All this is of thy selfe, I prethee *Bessus* Tell something of my brother, did he nothing?

Bes. Why yes, Ile tell your Grace; they were not to fight till the word giuen, which for my owne part by my troth I was not to giue.

Pan. See, for his owne part.

Bac. I feare yet this fellowe's abusd with a good report.

Bes. I, but I:

Pan. Still of himselfe.

Bes. Cride, giue the word, when as some of them saide *Tigranes* was stooping, but the word was not giuen then: when one *Cosroes* of the enemies part held vp his finger to me, which is as much with vs Marshallists, as I will fight with you: I said not a word, nor made signe during the combate; but that once done.

Pan. He slips ore all the fight.

Bes. I cald him to me, *Cosroes* said I:

Pan. I will heare no more.

Bes. No, no, Ile.

Bac. I dare be sworne thou dost.

Bes. Captaine said I, twas so.

Pan. I tell thee, I will heare no further.

Bes. No, your Grace will wish you had.

Pan. I will not wish it: what is this the Ladie My Brother writes to me to take?

Bes. An't please your Grace this is shee: Charge will
D you

you come neerer the Prinees?

Pan. Y'are welcome from your Countrey, and this Land
Shall shew vnto you all the kindnesse
That I can make it; what's your name?

Spa. *Thalestris.*

Pan. Y are verie welcome, you haue got a letter
To put you to me, that has power enough
To place mine Enemy here; then much more you,
That are so farre from being so to me,
That you nere saw me.

Bes. Madam, I dare passe my word for her truth.

Spa. My truth.

Pan. Why Captaine, doe you thinke I am afraid shee
steale?

Bes. I cannot tell, seruants are slipperie; but I dare giue
my word for her, and for her honestie: shee came along with
me, and many fauours shee did me by the way; but by this
light none but what shee might doe with modestie, to a man
of my ranke.

Pan. Why Captaine, heres no body thinkes otherwise.

Bes. Nay, if you should, your Grace may thinke your plea-
sure; but I am sure I brought her from *Armenia*, and in all that
way if euer I toucht any bare on her aboue her knee, I pray
God I may sinke where I stand.

Spa. Aboue my knee?

Bes. No, you know I did not, and if any man will say I did,
this Sword shall answere: Nay, Ile defend the reputation of
my charge whilst I liue; your Grace shall vnderstand I am se-
cret in these businesse, and know how to defend a Ladies
honour.

Spa. I hope your Grace knowes him so well already,
I shall not neede to tell you hee's yaine and foolish:

Bes. I, you may call mee what you please, but Ile defend
your good name against the World; and so I take my leaue
of your Grace, and of you my Lord Protector, I am likewise
glad to see your Lordship well.

Bac. O Captaine *Bessies*, I thanke you, I would speake with
you anon.

Bes.

Bef. When you please, I will attend your Lordship: *Exit.*

Bac. Madam, Ile take my leaue too: *Exit.*

Pan. Good *Bacurins*:

Gob. Madam, what writes his Maiefty to you?

Pan. O my Lord,

The kindest words, Ile keepe vnto whilst I liue
Here in my bosome; theres no art in vnto,
They lie disordred in this paper, Iust
As hearty Nature speakes vnto.

Gob. And to mee

He writes, what teares of ioy he shed to heare
How you were growne in euery vertuous way,
And yeilds all thanks to me, for that deare care
Which I was bound to haue in training you:
There is no Princes liuing that enioyes
A Brother of that worth.

Pan. My Lord, no Maide longs more for any thing, or
feeles more heate and cold within her brest, then I doe now,
In hope to see him.

Gob. Yet I wonder much at this, hee writes he brings a-
long with him a husband for you, that same Captiue Prince;
And if he loue you as he makes a shew,
He will allow you freedome in your choise.

Pan. And so he will my Lord, I warrant you
He will but offer, and giue me the power
To take, or leaue.

Gob. Trust me, were I a Ladie I could not like
That man were bargain'd with before I chuse him.

Pan. But I am not built on such wild humors,
If I find ^{him} ~~him~~ worthy, he is not lesse,
Because hee's offerd.

him

Spa. Tis true, he is not, would he would seem lesse:

Gob. I thinke there is no Ladie can affect
Another Prince, your Brother standing by;
He does eclipse mens vertues so with this.

Spa. I know a Lady may, and more I feare
Another Lady will.

Pan. Would I might see him:

Gob. Why so you shall : my businesse are great,
I will attend you when it is his pleasure
To see you Madam.

Pan. I thanke you good my Lord.

Gob. You will be ready Madam : *Exit.*

Pan. Yes.

Spa. I doe beseech you Madam send away
Your other women, and receiue from me
A few sad words, which set against your ioyes,
May make vⁿ shine the more.

Pan. Sirs leaue me all.

Spa. I kneele a stranger here to beg a thing
Vnfit for me to aske, and you to grant,
Tis such another strange ill laid request,
As if a beggar should intreat a King
To leaue his Scepter and his Throne to him,
And take his rags to wander ore the World
Hungry and cold.

Pan. That were a strange request.

Spa. As ill is mine.

Pan. Then doe not vtter it.

Spa. Alas, tis of that nature, that it must
Be vtterd, I, and granted, or I die :
I am asham'd to speake it; but where life
Lies at the stake, I cannot thinke her woman,
That will not ^{take} ~~take~~ something vnreasonably
To hazard sauing of it: I shall seeme
A strange petitioner, that wish all ill
To them I beg of, ere they giue mee ought,
Yet so I must: I would you were not faire,
Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good :
If you were foolish, you would heare my prayer ;
If foule, you had not power to hinder me :
He would not loue you.

Pan. VVhats the meaning of it ?

Spa. Nay, my request is more without the bounds
Of reason yet ; for tis not in the power
Of you to doe what I would haue you grant.

Pan.

Pan. VVhy then tis idle, prethee speake it out.

Spa. Your brother brings a Prince into this Land
Of such a noble shape, so sweete a grace,
So full of worth withall, that euery maide
That lookes vpon him, giues away her selfe
To him for euer; and for you to haue
He brings him: and so mad is my demand,
That I desire you not to haue this man,
This excellent man, for whom you needs must die,
If you should misse him. I doe now expect
You should laugh at me.

Pan. Trust me, I could weepe
Rather, for I haue found in all thy words
A strange disioynted sorrow.

Spa. Tis by me,
His owne desire too, that you would not loue him.

Pan. His owne desire, why credit me *Thalestris*
I am no common wooer: If he shall wooe me,
His worth may be such, that I dare not sweare
I will not loue him; but if he will stay
To haue me wooe him, I will promise thee
He may keepe all his graces to himselfe,
And feare no rauishing from me.

Spa. Tis yet
His owne desire, but when he sees your face,
I feare it will not be; therefore I charge you
As you haue pittie, stop those tender cares
From his enchanting voice, close vp those eyes,
That you may neither catch a dart from him,
Nor he from you: I charge you as you hope
To liue in quiet, for when I am dead
For certaine I shall walke to visit him,
If he breake promise with me: for as fast
As oathes without a formall ceremony
Can make me, I am to him:

Pan. Then be fearelesse,
For if he were a thing twixt God and man,
I could gaze on him; (if I knew it sinne,

To loue him) without passion: Dry your eyes,
 I sweare you shall enioy him still for me,
 I will not hinder you; but I perceiue
 You are not what you seeme: Rise, rise, *Thalestris*,
 If your right name be so.

Spa. Indeed it is not
Spaconia is ^{my} name; but I desire
 Not to be knowne to others:

Pan. Why, by me:
 You shall not, I will neuer doe you wrong,
 What good I can, I will; thinke not my birth,
 Or education such, that I should iniure
 A stranger Virgin: you are welcome hither.
 In company you wish to be commanded,
 But when we are alone, I shall be ready
 To be your seruant. *Exit.*

Enter three men, and a woman.

1. Come, come, run, run, runne:
2. We shall out-goe her.
3. One were better be hang'd, then carry women out fid-
 ling to these shewes.

Weo. Is the King hard by?

1. You heard hee with the bottles say, hee thought wee
 should come too late, what abundance of people here is.

Weo. But what had he in those bottles?

3. I know not.
3. Why, Inke good man foole:
3. Inke, what to doe?
1. Why, the King looke you, will many times call for
 those bottles, and breake his minde to his friends.

Weo. Lets take our places quickly, we shall haue no roome
 else.

2. The man told vs hee would walke a foote through the
 people.

3. I marry did he.

1. Our shops are well looke to now:
2. S'lfe yonders my Master I thinke.
1. No, tis not he.

Enter

Enter two Citizens wives, and Philip.

1 *Cit.* Lord, how fine the fields be, what sweete liuing tis in the Countrey.

2 *Cit.* I, poore soules, God helpe vm; they liue as contentedly as one of vs.

1 *Cit.* My Husbands cousen would haue had me gone into the Countrey last yeere, wert thou euer there?

2 *Cit.* I, poore soules, I was amongst vm once.

1 *Cit.* And what kinde of creatures are they for loue of God?

2 *Cit.* Very good people, God helpe vm:

1 *Cit.* Wilt thou goe with me downe this summer, when I am brought abed?

2 *Cit.* Alas, tis no place for vs.

1 *Cit.* VVhy prethee?

2 *Cit.* VVhy, you can haue nothing there; theres nobody cries broomes.

1 *Cit.* No?

2 *Cit.* No truly, nor milke.

1 *Cit.* Nor milke, how doe they?

2 *Cit.* They are faine to milke themselues ith Countrey.

1 *Cit.* Good Lord: but the people there I thinke will bee very dutifull to one of vs?

2 *Cit.* I, God knowes will they, and yet they doe not greatly care for our Husbands.

1 *Cit.* Doe they not, alas? In good faith I cannot blame them: for we doe not greatly care for them our selues. *Philip* I pray choose vs a place.

Phil. Theres the best forsooth.

1 *Cit.* By your leaue good people a little:

1. VVhats the matter?

Phi. I pray my friend doe not thrust my Mistris so, shees with childe.

2. Let her looke to her selfe then, has shee not had thrusting enough yet; if shee stay shouldring here, shee may hap to goe home with a Cake in her bellie.

3. How now goodman squitterbreech, why doe you leane so on me?

Phi.

Phil. Because I will.

3. VVill you sir sawce-box?

1 *Cit.* Looke if one haue not stricke *Philip*, come hither *Philip*, why did he strike thee?

Phil. For leaning on him.

1 *Cit.* VVhy didst thou leane on him?

Phil. I did not thinke he would haue stricke me.

1 *Cit.* As God saue me law, thou art as wilde as a Bucke, there is no quarrell, but thou art at one end or other of it,

3. Its at the first end then; for he will neuer stay the last.

1 *Cit.* VVell stripling, I shall meete with you.

3. vwhen you will.

1 *Cit.* Ile giue a crowne to meete with you :

3. At a bawdy house.

1 *Cit.* I, you are full of your rogerie; but if I doe meete you it shall cost me a fall.

3. The King, the King, the King, the King :
Now, now, now, now.

Enter Arbaces, Tigranes, Mardonius, and others.

All. God preferue your Maiestie.

Arb. I thanke you all : Now are my ioyes at full,
vwhen I behold you safe my louing Subiects ;
By you I grow, tis your vnited loue
That lifts me to this height :
All the account that I can render you
For all the loue you haue bestowed on me,
All your expences to maintaine my warre,
Is but a little word : you will imagine
Tis slender payment; yet tis such a word
As is not to be bought without our blouds ;
Tis peace.

All. God preferue your Maiestie.

Arb. Now you may liue securely in your Townes,
Your Children round about you; you may sit
Vnder your vines, and make the miseries
Of other Kingdomes a discourse for you,
And lend them sorrowes : For your selues you may
Safely forget there are such things as teares ;

And

And may you all whose good thoughts I haue gain'd,
Hold me vnworthy, when I thinke my life
A sacrifice too great to keepe you thus
In such a calme estate :

All. God blesse your Maiestie.

Arb. See all good people, I haue brought the man,
Whose very name you fear'd, a captiue home :
Behold him, tis *Tigranes*; in your hearts
Sing songs of gladnesse, and deliuerance.

1 Cit. Out vpon him. *2 Cit.* How he looks. *3 Weo.* Hang
him, hang him, hang him.

Mar. These are sweete people.

Tigr. Sir, you doe me wrong,
To render me a scorned spectacle
To common people.

Arb. It was farre from me
To meane it so: if I haue ought deseru'd,
My louing Subjects let me beg of you
Not to reuile this Prince, in whom their dwels
All worth of which the nature of a man
Is capable; valour beyond compare,
The terror of his name has stretcht it selfe
Where euer there is sunne: and yet for you,
I fought with him single, and won him too;
I made his valour stoope, and made that name
Scar'd to so vnbelieu'd a height, to fall
Beneath mine: This inspir'd with all your loues,
I did performe, and will for your content
Be euer ready for a greater worke.

All. The Lord blesse your Maiestie.

Tigr. So, hee has made me amends now, with a speech in
commendations of himselfe: I would not be so vaine-glo-
rious.

Arb. If there be any thing in which I may
Doe good to any creature, here speake out;
For I must leaue you: and it troubles me,
Thus my occasions for the good of you,
Are such as calles me from you; else my ioy

Would be to spend my dayes amongst you all.
 You shew your loues in these large multitudes
 That come to meete me: I will pray for you,
 Heauen prosper you, that you may know old yeeres,
 And liue to see your Childrens Children
 Eate at your boards with plenty: when there is
 A want of any thing, let it be knowne
 To me, and I will be a Father to you:
 God keepe you all. *Exeunt.*

All. God bleffe your Maiestie.

1. Come, shall we goe, all's done.

Weo. I for Gods sake, I haue not made a fire yet:

2. Away, away, all's done.

3. Content: Farewell *Philip.*

1 *Cit.* Away, you halterfack you:

1. *Philip* will not fight hee's afraid on's face.

Phil. I marry am I afraid of my face.

3. Thou wouldst be *Philip*, if thou saw'st it in a glasse; it
 lookes like a visor. *Exeunt 1, 2, 3, and Women.*

1 *Cit.* Youle be hang'd sirra: Come *Philip*, walke afore vs
 homeward; did not his Maiestie say, he had brought vs home
 Peaes for our money?

2 *Cit.* Yes marry did he.

1 *Cit.* They are the first I heard on this yeere by my troth,
 I long'd for some of vm; did he not say we should haue some?

2 *Cit.* Yes, and so we shall anon I warrant you, haue euery
 one a pecke brought home to our houses.

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus Tertij Scæna Prima.

Enter Arbaces, and Gobrias.

Arb. MY Sister take it ill?

Gob. Not very ill,
 Something vnkindly shee doth take it Sir,
 To haue her Husband chosen to her hands.

Arb. VVhy *Gobrias* tel her; I must haue her know

My

My will, and not her owne must gouerne her :
 VWhat, will shee marrie with some slaue at home?

Gob. O shee is farre from any stubbornnesse,
 You much mistake her, and no doubt will like
 VWhere you wil haue her; but when you behold her,
 You will be loath to part with such a Iewell.

Arb. To part with her, why *Gobrius* art thou mad?
 shee is my sister:

Gob. Sir, I know shee is:
 But it were pittie to make poore our Land
 With such a beauty, to enrich another.

Arb. Pish, will shee haue him?

Gob. I thinke shee will Sir.

Arb. VVere shee my Father, and my Mother too;
 And all the names for which we think folkes friends,
 Shee should be forcst to haue him, when I know
 Tis fit: I will not heare her say shee's loth.

Gob. Heauen bring my purpose luckily to passe,
 You know tis iust: Sir, shee le not neede constraint,
 Shee loues you so.

Arb. How does shee loue me, speake?

Gob. Shee loues you more then people loue their health
 That liue by labour; more then I could loue
 A man that died for me, if he could liue againe.

Arb. Shee is not like her Mother then?

Gob. O no, when you were in *Armenia*,
 I durst not let her know when you were hurt:
 For at the first on euery little scratch,
 Shee kept her chamber, wept, and would not eate,
 Till you were well; and many times the newes
 vvas so long conuining, that before we heard,
 Shee was as neare her death, as you your health.

Arb. Alas poore soule, but yet shee must be rul'd;
 I know not how I shall requite her well,
 I long to see her; haue you sent for her,
 To tell her I am ready?

Gob. Sir, I haue.

Enter Tigranes.

Gent. Sir, here's the Armenian King.

Arb. Hees welcome.

Gent. And the Queene Mother, and the Princes waite without:

Arb. Good *Gobrius* bring them in,
Tigranes you will thinke you are arriu'd
 In a strange Land, where Mothers cast to poyson
 Their onely sonnes; thinke you you shall be safe?

Tigr. Too safe I am ~~sure~~ sure.

Enter Gobrius, Arane, Panibea, Spaconia, Bacurins, Mardonius, and Seffus.

Ara. As low as this I bow to you, and would
 As low as to my graue, to shew a mind
 Thankfull for all your mercies.

Arb. O stand vp,
 And let me kneele, the light will be asham'd
 To see obseruance done to me by you.

Ara. You are my King.

Arb. You are my Mother rise;
 As farre be all your faults from your owne soule,
 As from my memory; then you shall be
 As white as innocence ~~but~~ selfe.

Ara. I came
 Onely to shew my dutie, and acknowledge
 My sorrow for my sinnes; longer to stay
 Were but to draw eyes more attentiuely
 vpon my shame: That power that kept you safe
 From me preserve you still. *Exit.*

Arb. Your owne desires shall be your guard.

Pan. Now let me die,
 Since I haue scene my Lord the King returne
 In safety, I haue scene all good that life
 Can shew me; I haue nere another wish
 For Heauen to grant, nor were it fit I should:
 For I am bound to spend my age to come
 In giuing thanks that this was granted me.

Gob. vvhy does not your Maiestie speake?

Arb. To whom?

Gob. To the Princeesse.

Pan.

Pan. Alas Sir, I am fearefull, you doe looke
On me, as if I were some loathed thing
That you were finding out a way to shunne.

Gob. Sir, you should speake to her.

Arb. Ha?

Pan. I know I am vnworthy, yet not ill,
Arm'd. with which innocence here I will kneele,
Till I am one with earth: but I will gaine
Some words, and kindnesse from you.

Tigr. vwill you, speake Sir?

Arb. Speake, am I what I was?

vwhat art thou that dost creepe into my breast,
And darst not see my face shew forth thy selfe:
I feele a paire of fierie wings displaide
Hither, from thence; you shall not carrie there,
vp, and be gone, if thou beest loue, be gone,
Or I will teare thee from my wounded fl-sh,
Pull thy lou'd downe away, and with a quill
By this right arme drawne from thy wanton wing,
vwrite to thy laughing Mother in thy bloud,
That you are Powers belied, and all your darts
Are to be blowne away by men resolu'd
Like dust; I know thou fear'st my words, away.

Tigr. O miserie, why should he be so slow,
There can no falshood come of louing her,
Though I haue giuen my faith; shee is a thing
Both to be lou'd and seru'd beyond my faith:
I would he would present me to her quicklie.

Pan. vwill you not speake at all, are you so farre
From kind words? yet to saue my modesty
That must talke till you answer: doe not stand
As you were dumbe, say something, though it be
Poyson'd with anger that may strike me dead:

Mar. Haue you no life at all? for manhood sake
Let her not kneele, and talke neglected thus;
A tree would find a tongue to answer her,
Did shee but giue it such a lou'd respect.

Arb. You meane this Lady, lift her from the earth;

Why doe you let her kneele so long? alas,
 Madam your beauty vses to command,
 And not to beg; what is your sute to me?
 It shall be granted, yet the time is short,
 And my affaires are great: but wheres my sister?
 I bad shee should be brought.

Mar. What is he mad?

Arb. *Gobrius*, where is shee?

Gob. Sir.

Arb. Where is shee man?

Gob. Who Sir?

Arb. Who, hast thou forgot? my Sister.

Gob. Your Sister Sir?

Arb. Your Sister Sir?

~~*Gob.*~~ Some one that has a wit, answere; where is shee?

Gob. ~~*Arb.*~~ Doe you not see her there?

~~*Arb.*~~ ~~*Gob.*~~ Where?

Gob. ~~*Arb.*~~ There.

~~*Arb.*~~ ~~*Gob.*~~ There, where?

Mar. S'light there, are you blind?

Arb. Which doe you meane, that little one?

Gob. No Sir.

Arb. No Sir, why doe you mocke me? I can see.

No other here, but that petitioning Ladie:

Gob. Thats shee.

Arb. Away.

Gob. Sir it is shee:

Arb. Tis false.

Gob. Is it?

Arb. As hell, by Heauen as false as hell,
 My sister: Is shee dead? if it be so,
 Speake boldly to me: for I am a man,
 And dare not quarrell with diuinity;
 But doe not thinke to cosen me with this:
 I see you all are mute, and stand amaf'd,
 Fearefull to answere me; it is too true
 A decreed instant cuts off euery life,
 For which to mourne, is to repine; shee died

A Virgin though, more innocent then sleepe,
As cleere as her owne eyes, and blessednesse
Eternall waites vpon her where shee is :
I know shee could not make a wish to change
Her state for new, and you shall see me beare
My crosses like a man; we all must die,
And shee hath taught vs how.

Gob. Doe not mistake,
And vex your selfe for nothing; for her death
Is a long life of ~~me~~ I hope: Tis shee,
And if my speech deserue not faith, lay death
Vpon me, and my latest words shall force
A credit from you.

Arb. Which good *Gobrius*,
That Ladie dost thou meane?

Gob. That Lady Sir.

Arb. It cannot be.

Tigr. Pish, this is tedious,
I cannot hold, I must present my selfe;
And yet the sight of my *Spaconia*,
Touches me, as a sudden thunderclap
Does one that is about to figne.

Arb. Away,
No more of this; here I pronounce him Traytor,
The direct plotter of my death that names,
Or thinks her for my Sister: Tis a lie,
The most malicious of the World, inuented
To mad your King; he that will say so next,
Let him draw out his Sword, and sheath it here,
It is a sinne fully as pardonable :
Shee is no kinne to me, nor shall shee be;
If shee were any, I create her none,
And which of you can question this, my power
Is like the Sea, that is to be obey'd,
And not disputed with : I haue decreed her
As farre from hauing part of bloud with me,
As the nak'd Indians : Come, and answer me,
He that is boldest now; Is that my Sister?

Mar. O this is fine.

Bes. No marry is shee not an't please your Maiestie:
I neuer thought shee was, shees nothing like you.

Arb. No, tis true, shee is not:

Mar. Thou shouldst be hang'd.

Pan. Sir, I will speake but once: By the same power
You make my bloud a stranger vnto yours;
You may command me dead, and so much loue
A stranger may importune, pray you doe;
If this request appeare too much to grant,
Adopt me of some other Family
By your vnquestion'd word; else I shall liue
Like sinfull issues that are left in streetes
By their regardlesse Mothers, and no name
Will be found for me.

Arb. I will heare no more;
Why should there be such musicke in a voice,
And sinne for me to heare it: All the world
May take delight in this, and tis damnation
For me to doe so; you are faire, and wise,
And vertuous I thinke, and he is blest
That is so neere you as your brother is:
But you are naught to me but a disease,
Continuall torment without hope of ease;
Such an vngedly sicknesse I haue got,
That he that vndertakes my cure, must first
Orethrow Diuinity, all morall Lawes,
And leaue mankinde as vnconfinde as beasts,
Allowing them to doe all actions
As freely as they drinke, when they desire.
Let me not heare you speake againe; yet so
I shall but languish for the want of that,
The hauing which would kill me: No man here
Offer to speake for her; for I consider
As much as you can say: I will not toyle
My body, and my mind too, rest thou there,
Heres one within will labour for you both.

Pan. I would I were past speaking.

Gob. Feare not Madam,
The King will alter, tis some sudden ~~change~~, *rage*
And you shall see it end some other way.

Pan. Pray God it doe.

Tigr. Though shee to whom I swore be here, I cannot
Stifle my passion longer: If my Father
Should rise againe disquieted with this,
And charge me to forbear, yet it would out:
Madam, a stranger, and a prisoner begs
To be bid welcome.

Pan. You are welcome Sir
I thinke, but if you be not, tis past me
To make you so: for I am here a stranger,
Greater then you: we know from whence you come,
But I appeare a lost thing, and by whom
Is yet vncertaine; found here in the Court,
And onely sufferd to walke vp and downe,
As one not worth the owning.

Spa. O, I feare
Tigranes will be caught, he lookes me thinkes
As he would change his eyes with her; some helpe
There is about for me I hope.

Tigr. Why doe you turne away, and weepe so fast,
And vtter things that misbecome your lookes,
Can you want owning?

Spa. O, tis certaine so.

Tigr. Acknowledge your selfe mine.

Arb. How now?

Tigr. And then see if you want an owner,

Arb. They are talking.

Tigr. Nations shall owne you for their Queene.

Arb. *Tigranes*, art not thou my prisoner?

Tigr. I am.

Arb. And who is this?

Tigr. Shee is your Sister.

Arb. Shee is so.

Mar. Is shee so againe, thats well:

Arb. And how dare you then offer to change words with
her?

Tigr. Dare doe it, why you brought me hither Sir
To that intent.

Arb. Perhaps I told you so,
If I had sworne it, had you so much follie
To credit it: The least word that shee speakes
Is worth a life: rule your disorderd tongue,
Or I will temper it.

Spa. Blest be that breath.

Tigr. Temper my tongue; such inciuilities
As these, no barbarous people euer knew:
You breake the law of Nature, and of Nations;
You talke to me, as if I were a prisoner
For theft: my tongue be temperd? I must speake
If thunder checke me, and I will.

Arb. You will.

Spa. Alas my Fortune.

Tigr. Doe not feare his frowne, deare Madam heare me.

Arb. Feare not my frowne: but that 'twere base in me
To fight with one I know I can orecome,
Againe thou shouldst be conquerd by me.

Mar. He has one ransome with him already, me thinkes
twere good to fight double, or quit.

Arb. Away with him to prison; Now Sir see
If my frowne be regardlesse: why delay you?
Seize him *Bacurins*, you shall know my word
Sweepes like a wind, and all it grapples with,
Are as the chaffe before it.

Tigr. Touch me not.

Arb. Helpe there.

Tigr. Away.

1 Gent. It is in vaine to struggle.

2 Gent. You must be forc't.

Bac. Sir, you must pardon vs, we must obey.

Arb. Why doe you dally there? Drag him away
By any thing.

Bac. Come Sir.

Tigr. Iustice, thou oughtst to giue me strength enough
To shake all these off: This is tyrannic

Arba-

Arbaces, subtiller then the burning Buls,
Or that fam'd Tyrants bed. Thou mightst as well
Search in the depth of winter through the Snow
For halfe staru'd people, to bring home with thee
To shew vñ fire, and send vñ backe againe,
As vse me thus.

Arb. Let him be close *Bacchus*.

Spa. I nere reioyc'd at any ill to him,
But this imprisonment: what shall become
Of me forsaken?

Exit Bac: i p 2 gent Tyr:

Gob. You will not let your sister
Depart thus discontented from you Sir?

Arb. By no meanes *Gobrius*, I haue done her wrong,
And made my selfe beleeeue much of my selfe,
That is not in me: you did kneele to me,
Whilst I stood stubborne and regardlesse by;
And like a god incensed, gaue no eare
To all your prayers: behold, I kneele to you,
Shew a contempt as large as was my owne,
And I will suffer it; yet at the last forgiue me.

Pan. O you wrong me more in this,
Then in your rage you did: you mocke me now.

Arb. Neuer forgiue me then, which is the worst
Can happen to me.

Pan. If you be in earnest,
Stand vp, and giue me but a gentle looke,
And two kind words, and I shall be in Heauen.

Arb. Rise you then to; here I acknowledge thee
My hope, the onely Iewell of my life,
The best of sisters, dearer then my breath,
A happinesse as high as I could thinke;
And when my actions call thee otherwise,
Perdition light vpon me.

Pan. This is better
Then if you had not frown'd, it comes to me
Like mercy at the blocke; and when I leaue
To serue you with my life, your curse be with me.

Arb. Then thus I doe salute thee, and againe

To make this knot the stronger; Paradise
Is there: It may be you are still in doubt,
This, this third kisse, blots it out. I wade in sinne,
And foolishly intice my selfe along:
Take her away, see her a prisoner
In her owne chamber, closely *Gobrius*.

Pan. Alas Sir, why?

Arb. I must not stay the answer, doe it.

Pan. Good Sir,

Arb. No more, doe it I say.

Mar. This is better and better.

Pan. Yet heare me speake.

Arb. I will not heare you speake;
Away with her, let no man thinke to speake
For such a creature: for shee is a witch,
Apoysoner, and a Traytor.

Bac. Madam, this Office grieues me.

Gob. Nay, tis well the King is pleas'd with it.

Arb. *Bessus*, goe you along too with her; I will proue
All this that I haue said, if I may liue
So long: but I am desperately sicke,
For shee has giuen me poyson in a kisse;
Shee had it twixt her lips, and with her eyes
Shee witches people: go without a word. *Exeunt omnes, pra.*
Why should you that haue made me stand in war *Ar. Mar.*
Like fate it selfe, cutting what threds I pleas'd,
Decree such an vnworthy end of me,
And all my glories? what am I alas,
That you oppose me? If my secret thoughts
Haue euer harbour'd swellings against you,
They could not hurt you, and it is in you
To giue me sorrow, that will render me
Apt to receiue your mercy; rather so,
Let it be rather so, then punish me
VVith such ynmanly finnes: Incest is in me
Dwelling already, and it must be holie
That pulles it thence; where art *Mardonius*?

Mar. Here Sir.

Arb. I prethee beare me, if thou canst;
Am I not growne a strange weight?

Mar. As you were. *Arb.* No heauier?

Mar. No Sir.

Arb. VVhy, my legs
Refuse to beare my bodie; O *Mardonius*,
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou know'st
I could haue gone, though I could neuer runne.

Mar. And so I shall againe.

Arb. O no, tis past.

Mar. Pray ye goe, rest your selfe.

Arb. VVilt thou hereafter when they talke of me,
As thou shalt heare nothing but infamie;
Remember some of those things.

Mar. Yes, I will.

Arb. I prethee doe: for thou shalt neuer see me so againe.

Mar. I warrant ye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bessus.

Bes. They talke of fame, I haue gotten it in the warres,
and will affoord any man a reasonable penny-worth: some
will say they could be content to haue it, but that it is to be
atchieued with danger; but my opinion is otherwise: for if I
might stand still in Canon prooffe, and haue fame fall vpon
me, I would refuse it: My reputation came principally by
thinking to runne away, which no bodie knowes but *Mar-*
donius and I think he conceales it to anger me. Before I went
to the warres, I came to the Towne a young fellow without
meanes, or parts, to deserue friends; and my emptie guts per-
swaded me to lie, and abuse people for my meate, which I
did, and they beate me: then would I fast two dayes, till my
hunger cride out on me, raile still; then me thought I had a
monstrous stomacke to abuse them againe, and did it. In this
state I continued till they hung me vp by th'heelles and beate
me with haffe sticks, as if they would haue baked mee, and
haue cosen'd some bodie with mee for Venison: After this I
rail'd, and cate quietlie: for the whole Kingdome tooke
notice of me for a baffel'd whipt fellow, and what I said, was
remembred in mirth, but neuer in anger; of which I was glad,

I would it were at that passe againe: After this, God cald an Ant of mine, that left two hundred pounds in a Cosens hand for me, who taking me to be a gallant young spirit, rais'd a company for mee with the money, and sent me into *Armenia* with vm: Away I would haue runne from them, but that I could get no company, and alone I durst not run. I was neuer at battle but once, and there I was running, but *Mardonius* cudgel'd me; yet I got loose at last, but was so afraid, that I saw no more then my shoulders doe, but fled with my whole company amongst my enemies, and ouerthrew vm: Now the report of my valor is come ouer before mee, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improu'd. A plague of their eloquence, twill cost me many a beating: And *Mardonius* might helpe this to it he would; for now they thinke to get honour of me, and all the men I haue abus'd, call me freshly to account, worthily as they call it, by the way of challenge.

Enter Gent.

Gent. Good morrow Captaine *Bessus*.

Bes. Good morrow Sir.

Gent. I come to speake with you.

Bes. You are very welcome.

Gent. From one that holds himselfe wronged by you some three ycers since: your worth he sayes is fam'd, & he nothing doubts but you will doe him right, as belecemes a Souldier.

Bes. A pox on vm, so they crie all.

Gent. And a slight note I haue about me for you, for the deliuerie of which, you must excuse me; it is an office that friendship cailes vpon mee to doe, and no way offensive to you, since I desire but right on both sides.

Bes. Tis a challenge Sir, is it not?

Gent. Tis an inuiting to the field.

Bess. An inuiting? O crie you mercie, what a complement he deliuers it with? he might as agreeable to my nature present mee poyson with such a speech: vm reputation, vm call you to an account, vm forst to this, vm with my sword, vm like a gentleman, vm deare to me, vm satisfaction: Tis verie well Sir, I doe accept it, but he must awaite an answer this thirteene weekes.

Gent.

Gent. Why Sir, he would be glad to wipe off his staine as soone as hee can, Sir vpon my credit I am already engag'd to two hundred and twelue, all which must haue their staines wipt off, if that be the word before him.

Bess

Gent. Sir, if you be truly engaged but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

Bess. Vpon my faith Sir to two hundred and twelue, and I haue a spent bodie too much bruis'd in battle, so that I cannot fight, I must be plaine with you, about three combates a day: All the kindnesse I can doe him, is to set him resolutely in my rowle the two hundred and thirteenth man, which is something: for I tell you, I thinke there will be more after him, then before him, ~~I thinke~~ so. pray ye commend me to him, and tell him this.

Gent. I will Sir, good morow to you. *Exit:*

Bess. Good morow good Sir. Certenly my safest way were to print my selfe a coward, with a discouerie how I came by my credit, and clap it vpon euery post: I haue receiued about thirty challenges within this two houres, marry all but the first I put off with engagement, and by good fortune the first is no madder of fighting then I, so that that's refer'd ~~feru'd~~ ^{ferd} The place where it must be ended, is foure dayes iourney of, and our arbytrators are there: He has chosen a gentleman in trauell, and I haue a speciall friend, with a quarterne ague likely to hold him ~~this time here~~ ^{year} for mine; and when his man comes home, wee are to expect my friends health: If they would send me challenges thus thicke, as long as I liu'd I would haue no other living; I can make seauen shillings a day oth paper to the Grocers: yet I learne nothing by all these but a little skill in comparing of stiles. I doe find euidently that there is some one Scriuener in this Towne, that has a great hand in writing of challenges, for they are all of a cut, and fix of vm in a hand; and they all end, my reputation is deare to me, and I must require satisfaction: whose there? more paper I hope; no, tis my Lord *Bacurins*, I feare all is not well betwixt vs. *Enter Bacurins.*

these fi

Bac. Now Captaine *Bess*, I come about a friuillous matter, caus'd by as idle a report: you know you were a coward:

Bess

Bess. Very right.

Bac. And wrong'd me.

Bess. True my Lord.

Bac. But now people will call you valiant, desertlesly I thinke yet for their satisfaction, I will haue you fight with me.

Bess. O my good Lord, my deepe ingagements.

Bac. Tell not me of your ingagements, Captaine *Bessus*; it is not to be put off with an excuse: for my owne part, I am none of the multitude that belecue your conuersion from coward.

Bess. My Lord, I seeke not quarrels, and this belongs not to me, I am not to maintaine it.

Bac. Who then pray?

Bess. *Bessus* the coward wrong'd you.

Bac. Right.

Bess. And shall *Bessus* the valiant, maintaine what *Bessus* the coward did?

Bac. I prethee leaue these cheating trickes, I sweare thou shalt fight with mee, or thou shalt be beate extreameley, and kickt.

Bess. Since you prouoke me thus farre my Lord, I will fight with you; and by my Sword it shall cost me twenty pounds, but I will haue my legge a weeke sooner purposely.

Bac. Your legge, why what ailes your legge? Ile doe a cure on you, stand vp.

Bess. My Lord, this is not noble in you:

Bac. What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kicke thee out of all good words before I leaue thee.

Bess. My Lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

Bac. When thou wert? confesse thy selfe a coward still, or by this light, Ile beate thee into a punge.

Bess. Why I am one:

Bac. Are you so Sir, and why doe you weare a sword then? Come, vn buckle, quicke.

Bess. My Lord.

Bac. Vn buckle I say, and giue it mee, or as I liue, thy head will ake extreameley.

Bess.

Bess. It is a pretty hilt, and if your Lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart, I present it to you for a new-years gift.

Bac. I thanke you very heartily, sweete Captaine farewell.

Bess. One word more, I beseech your Lordship to render me my knife againe.

Bac. Marry by all meanes Captaine, cherish your selfe with it, and eate hard good Captaine; we cannot tell whether we shall haue any more such: Adue deare Captaine. *Exit.*

Bess. I will make better vse of this, then of my sword: A base spirit has this vantage of a braue one; it keepes alwayes at a stay, nothing brings it downe, not beating. I remember I promist the King in a great audience, that I would make my back-byters eate my sword to a knife, how to get another sword I know not, nor know any meanes left for me to maintaine my credit but impudence: Therefore will I outswear him and all his followers, that this is all is left vneaten of my sword. *Exit.* *Enter Mardonius.*

Mar. Ile mone the King, hee is most strangely alter'd; I guesse the cause I feare too right, Heauen has some secret end in't, and tis a scourge no question iustly laid vpon him: Hee has followed mee through twenty roemes, and euer when I stay to await his command, he blushes like a girle, and looks vpon me, as if modestie kept in his businesse: so turnes away from me, but if I goe on, hee followes me againe. See, here he is, I doe not vse this, yet I know not how, I cannot chuse but weepe to see him: his very enemies I thinke, whose wounds haue bred his fame, if they should see him now, would find teares in their eyes.

Arb. I cannot vtter it, why should I keepe
A breast to harbour thoughts? I dare not speake:
Darkenesse is in my bosome, and there lies
A thousand thoughts that cannot brooke the light;
How wilt thou vex me when this deede is done
Conscience? that art afraid to let me name it.

Mar. How doe you Sir?

Arb. Why very well *Mardonius*; how dost thou?

Mar. Better then you I feare.

Arb. I hope thou art; for to be plaine with thee,
Thou art in hell else: secret scorching flames
That farre transcend earthly materiall fiers,
Art crept into me, and there is no cure;
Is not that strange *Mardonius*, theres no cure?

Mar. Sir, either I mistake, or there is something hid
That you would vtter to me.

Arb. So there is, but yet I cannot doe it.

Mar. Out with it Sir, if it be dangerous I shall not shrinke
to doe you seruice, I shal not esteeme my life a waightier mat-
ter then indeed it is, I know tis subiect to more chances then
it hath houes, and I were better loose it in my Kings cause,
then with an ague. or fall, or sleeping to a thiefe; as all these
are probable enough: let me but know what I shal do for you.

Arb. It will not out: were you with *Gobrius*,
And bad him giue my sister all content
The place affoords, and giue her leaue to send
And speake to whom shee please?

Mar. Yes Sir. I was.

Arb. And did you to *Bacchus* say as much
About *Tigranes*?

Mar. Yes.

Arb. Thats all my businesse.

Mar. O say not so,
You had an answere of all this before,
Besides, I thinke this businesse might be vttered
More careleslie.

Arb. Come, thou shalt haue it out; I doe beseech thee
By all the loue thou hast profest to me,
To see my Sister from me.

Mar. VVell, and what? *Arb.* Thats all.

Mar. That's strange, shall I say nothing to her?

Arb. Not a word;

But if thou louest me, find some subtill way
To make her vnderstand by signes.

Mar. But what, what should I make her vnderstand?

Arb. O *Mardonius*, for that I must be pardon'd.

shall

Mar. You may, but I can onely see her then.

Arb.

Arb. Tis true;

Beare her this ring then, and on more aduice
Thou shalt speake to her: Tell her I doe loue
My kindred all; wilt thou?

Mar. Is there no more?

Arb. O yes, and her the best;
Better then any brother loues his sister: That's all.

Mar. Me thinkes this
Neede not haue beene deliuered with such caution;
Ile doe it.

Arb. There is more yet,
VVilt thou be faithfull to me?

Mar. Sir, if I take vpon me to deliuer it,
After I heare it, Ile passe through fire to doe it:

Arb. I loue her better then a brother ought;
Dost thou conceiue me?

Mar. I hope I doe not Sir.

Arb. No, thou art dull, kneele downe before her,
And nere rise againe, till shee will loue me.

Mar. VVhy, I thinke shee does.

Arb. But better then shee does, another way;
As wiues loue Husbands.

Mar. Why, I thinke there are few wiues that loue their
Husbands better then shee does you.

Arb. Thou wilt not vnderstand me: is it fit
This should bee vttered plainlie; take it then
Naked as it is: I would desire her loue
Lasciuiouslie, leudlie, incestuousslie,
To doe a sinne that needs must damne vs both;
And thee to: Dost thou vnderstand me now?

Mar. Yes, there's your Ring againe; what haue I done
Dishonestlie in my whole life, name it.
That you shouldest put so base a businesse to me?

Arb. Didst thou not tell mee thou wouldst doe it?

Mar. Yes, if I vndertooke it; but if all
My ~~heires~~ were liues, I would not be ingag'd *haire*
In such a cause to saue my last life.

Arb. O guilt, how poore, and weake a thing art thou?

This man that is my seruant, whom my breath
Might blow about the world, might beate me here
Hauing his cause, whilst I prest downe with sinne
Could not resist him, deare *Mardonius*
It was a motion misbecoming man.
And I am sorrie for it.

Mar. Pray God you may be so: you must vnderstand, nothing that you can vtter, can remooue my loue and seruice from my Prince. But otherwise, I thinke I shall not loue you more. For you are sinnefull, and if you doe this crime, you ought to haue no lawes. For after this it will bee great iniustice in you to punish any offendor for any crime: For my selfe I find my heart too bigge, I feele I haue not patience to looke on whilst you runne these forbidden courses: Meanes I haue none but your Fauour, and I am rather glad, that I shall loose vñ both together, then keepe vñ with such conditions, I shall find a dwelling amongst some people, where though our garments perhaps be courser, we shall be richer farre within, and harbor no such vices in vñ. God preserue you, and mend you.

Arb. *Mardonius*, stay *Mardonius*, For though
My present state require nothing but knaues
To be about me, such as are prepar'd
For euery wicked act. yet who does know
But that my loathed Fate may turne about,
And I haue vse of honest men againe:

I hope I may, I prethly leaue me not. *Enter Bessus to them.*

Bess. Where is the King? *Mar.* There.

Bess. An't please your Maicstie, ther's the knife.

Arb. What knife: *Bess.* The Sword is eaten.

Mar. Away you Foole, the King is serious,
And cannot now admit your vanities.

Bess. Vanities, I am no honest man if my enemies haue
not brought it to this, what, doe you thinke I lie?

Arb. No, no, tis well *Bessus*, tis very well,

Mar. I am glad ont'.

If your enemies brought it to that, your enemies are cutlers,
Come, leaue the King.

Arb.

Arb. No, let him stay *Mardonius*, let him stay,
I haue occasions with him very weightie,
And I can spare you now. *Mar.* Sir.

Arb. Why I can spare you now.

Bes. *Mardonius* giue way to the state affayres

Mar. Indeed you are fitter for his present purpose. *exit.*

Arb. *Effus* I should imploy thee; wilt thou do't

Bes. Doe for you, by this ayre I will doe any thing with-
out exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing;

Arb. Do not sweare.

Bes. By this light but I will,
Any thing whatsoeuer.

Arb. But I shall name a thing
Thy conscience will not suffer thee to doe.

Bes. I would faine heare that thing.

Arb. Why I would haue thee get my Sister for me:
Thou vnderstands me in a wicked manner.

Bes. O you would haue about with her?
He do't, He do't I faith.

Arb. Wilt thou, dost make no more ant?

Bes. More, no, why is there any thing else, if there be tell
me, it shall be done.

Arb. Hast thou no greater sence of such a sinne?
Thou art too wicked for my company
Though I haue hell within me, and mayst yet
Corrupt me further: pray thee answer me
How doe I shew to thee after this motion?

Bes. VVhy your Maiestie lookes as well in my opinion
as euer you did since you were borne:

Arb. But thou appearest to me after thy grant
The vgliest, loathed, detestable thing
That I haue euer met with. Thou hast eyes
Like flames of *Sulphur*, which me thinkes doe dart
Infection on me, and thou hast a mouth
Enough to take me in, where there doe stand
Fower rowes of Iron teeth.

Bes. I feele no such thing, but tis no matter how I looke,
He doe your businesse as well as they that looke better, and

when this is dispatcht, if you haue a minde to your Mother
tell me, and you shall see Ile set it hard :

Arb. My Mother, Heauen forgieue me to heare this,
I am inspir'd with horror : I hate thee
Worse then my sinne, which if I could come by,
Should suffer death eternall, nere to rise
In any breast againe. Know I will die
Languishing mad, as I resolue I shall,
Ere I will deale by such an Instrument :
Thou art too sinfull to imploy in this ;
Out of the world, away.

Bess. What doe you meane Sir?

Arb. Hung round with curses, take thy fearefull flight in-
to the desarts, where mongst all the monsters,
If thou findest one so beastly as thy selfe,
Thou shalt be held as innocent.

Bess. Good Sir.

Arb. If there were no such Instruments as thou,
We Kings could neuer act such wicked deeds :
Seeke out a man that mockes Diuinitie,
That breakes each precept both of Gods and Mans,
And Natures too, and does it without lust ;
Meerely because it is a law, and good,
And liue with him : for him thou canst not spoile.
Away I say ; I will not doe this sinne. *Exit Bessus.*
Ile presse it here till it doe breake my breast ;
It heaues to get out : but thou art a sinne
And spight of torture, I wil keep thee in. *Finis Actus Tertij.*

Actus Quarti Scæna Prima.

Enter Gobrius, Panthea, Spiconia.

Gob. **H**Aue you written Madam?

Pan. Yes, good Gobrius.

Gob. And with a kindnesse, and such winning words
As may prouoke him at one instant see e
His double fault, your wrong, and his owne rashnesse.

Pan.

Pan. I haue sent words enough, if words may winne him
From his displeasure, and such words I hope
As shall gaine much vpon his goodnesse, *Gobrius* :
Yet fearing since th'are many, and a womans,
A poore beliefe may follow; I haue wouen
As many truthes within vnto speake for me,
That if he be but gracious, and receiue vnto.

Gob. Good Ladie, be not fearefull; if he should not
Giue you your present end in this, belecue it
You shall feele (if your vertue can induce you
To labour out this tempest, which I know
Is but a poore prooffe against your patience)
All those contents your spirit will arriue at
Newer and sweeter to you; your royall brother
(When he shall once collect himselfe, and see
How farre he is becue asunder from himselfe,
What a meere stranger to his golden temper)
Must from those rootes of vertue, (neuer dying
Though somewhat stopt with humour) shoote againe
Into a thousand glories bearing his faire branches
Hie as our hopes can looke at straight as Iustice,
Loden with rich contents: he loues you dearely,
I know it, and I hope I neede not further
Winne you to vnderstand it.

Pan. I belecue it,
Howtsoever I am sure I loue him dearely,
So dearely, that if any thing I write
For my enlarging, should beget his anger;
Heauen be a witnesse with mee, and my faith
I had rather lue in tomb'd here.

Gob. You shall not feele a worse stroke then your griefe,
I am sorry tis so sharpe: I kisse your hand, and this night
will deliuer this true storie with this hand to your brother.
Exit.

Pan. Peace goe with you,
You are a good man; my *spaconia*.
Why are you euer sad thus?

Spa. O deere Ladie,

Pan.

Pan. Prethee discouer not a way to sadnesse
 Neerer then I haue in me : our two sorrowes
 VVorke like two eager Hawkes , who shall get highest;
 How shall I lessen thine; for mine I feare
 Is easier knowne then cur'd.

Spa. Heauen comfort both,
 And giue yours happy ends; how euer I
 Fall in my stubborne fortunes.

Pan. This but teaches
 How to be more familiar with our sorrowes,
 That are too much our Masters. Good *Spaconia*,
 How shall I doe you seruice?

Spa. Noblest Ladie,
 You make me more a slaue still to your goodnesse,
 And onely liue to purchase thanks to pay you;
 For that is all ~~the businesse of my life now~~: *My unhappie star*
 I will be bold, since you will haue it so, *hane left me*
 To aske a noble fauour of you.

Pan. Speake it, tis yours; for from so sweet a vertue
 No ill demand has issue.

Spa. Then euer vertuons, let me beg your will
 In helping me to see the Prince *Tigranes*,
 With whom I am equall prisoner; if no more.

Pan. Reserue me to a greater end *Spaconia*;
Bacchus cannot want so much good manners,
 As to denie your gentle visitation,
 Though you came only with your owne command.

Spa. I know they will denie me gracious Madam,
 Being a stranger, and so little fan'd,
 So vtter emptie of those excellencies,
 That haue authority: But in you sweete Ladie
 All these are naturall, beside a power
 Deriu'd immediat from your royal brother,
 VVhose least word in you may command the Kingdome.

Pan. More then my words *Spaconia*, you shall carrie,
 For feare it faile you.

Spa. Dare you trust a token?
 Madam, I feare ime growne too bold a beggar,

Pan. You are a pretty one, and trust me Ladie
It ioyes me I shall doe a good to you,
Though to my selfe I neuer shall be happie :
Here take this Ring, and from me as a token
Deliuier it; I thinke they will not stay you :
So all your owne desires goe with you Ladie.

Spa. And sweete peace to your grace.

Pan. Pray God I find it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tigranes.

Tigr. Foole that I am, I haue vndone my selfe,
And with mine owne hand turne my fortune round,
That was a faire one: I haue childishly
Plaied with my hope so long, till I haue broke it,
And now too late I mourne for't : O *Spaconia*
Thou hast found an euen way to thy reuenge now,
VVhy didst thou fellow me like a faint shadow,
To wither my desires? But wretched foole,
VVhy did I plant thee twixt the Sunne and me,
To make me freeze thus? why did I preferre her
To the faire Princes? O thou foole, thou foole,
Thou Family of Fooles, liue like a slaue still,
And in thee beare thine owne hell, and thy torment;
Thou hast deseru'd it: Couldst thou find no Ladie
But shee that has thy hopes to put her to,
And hazard all thy peace? None to abuse
But shee that lou'd thee euer: poore *Spaconia*,
And so much lou'd thee, that in honestie
And honour thou art bound to meete her vertues;
Shee that forgot the greatnesse of her griefes
And miseries, that must follow such mad passions,
Endlesse and wilde as womans: Shee that for thee,
And with thee lost her libertie, her name,
And Countrey; you haue paid me equall Heaueus,
And sent my owne rod to correct me with:
A woman; for inconstancie Ile suffer,
Lay it on lustice, till my soule melt in me
For my vnmanly, beastly sudden doting
Vpon a new face; after all my oathes,

Many, and strange ones,
 I feele my olde fire flame againe, and burne
 So strong and violent, that should I see ~~her~~ *Spaconia*
 Again, the griefe, ~~and~~ that would kill me ~~hodie~~.

Enter Bac. and Spac.

Bac. Your token I acknowledge, you may passe;
 There is the King.

Spac. I thanke your Lordship for it. *Ex. Bac.*

Tigr. Shee comes, shee comes, shame hide me euer from
 her; would I were buried, or so farre remou'd
 Light might not find me out: I dare not see her.

Spac. Nay, neuer hide your selfe; for were you hid
 vvhere earth hides all her riches, nere her center;
 My wrongs without more day would light me to you:
 I must speake ere I die; were all your greatnesse
 Doubled vpon you, y'are a periu'r'd man,
 And onely mighty in the wickednesse
 Of wronging women. Thou art false, false Prince,
 I liue to see it: poore *Spaconia* liues
 To tell thee thou art false; and then no more:
 Shee liues to tell thee thou art more vnconstant
 Then all ill women euer were together;
 Thy faith as firme as raging ouerflowes,
 That no banke can command; and as lasting
 As boyes gay bubbles blowne in the aire, and broken:
 The wind is fixt to thee, and sooner shall
 The beaten Marriner with his shrill whistle,
 Calme the loude murmurs of the troubled maine,
 And strike it smooth againe; then thy soule fall
 To haue peace in loue with any: Thou art all
 That all good men must hate, and if thy storie
 Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,
 O let it spare me in it, lest true Louers
 In pittie of my wrongs burne thy blacke legend,
 And with their curses shake thy sleeping ashes.

Tigr. Oh, oh:

Spa. The destinies I hope haue pointed out
 Our ends alike, that thou maist die for loue,

Though

Though not for me : for this assure thy selfe,
The Princeesse hates thee deadly, and will sooner
Be wonne to marrie with a Bull, and safer,
Then such a beast as thou art: I haue stricke
I feare too deepe; beshrow me fort: Sir,
This sorrow workes me like a cunning friendship,
Into the same piece with it; hee's asham'd,
Alas. I haue beene too rugged: Deare my Lord,
I am forrie I haue spoken any thing,
Indeed I am, that may adde more restraint
To that too much you haue: Good Sir be pleas'd
To thinke it was a fault of loue, not malice;
And doe as I will doe: forgiue it Prince,
I doe, and can forgiue the greatest finnes
To me you can repent of; pray belieue me.

Tigr. O my *Spaconia*! O thou vertuous woman!

Spa. No more, the King Sir.

Enter Arbaces, Bacurius, and Mardonius.

Arb. Haue you beene carefull of our noble Prisoner
That he want nothing fitting for his greatnesse?

Bac. I hope his grace will quit me, for my care Sir.

Arb. Tis well, royall *Tigranes* health.

Tig. More then the stricknesse of this place can giue Sir
I offer backe againe to great *Arbaces*.

Arb. VVe thanke you worthy Prince, and pray excuse vs,
We haue not seene you since your being here,
I hope your noble vsage has beene equall
With your owne Person: your imprisonment
If it be any, I dare say is easie,
And shall not outlast two dayes.

Tigr. I thanke you:
My vsage here has beene the same it was
Worthy a royall Conquerour. For my restraint
It came vnkindly, because much valookt for;
But I must beare it:

Arb. VVhat Lady is that *Bacurius*?

Bac. One of the Princeesse women Sir.

Arb. I feard it: why comes shee hether!

Bac. To speake with the Prince *Tigranes*.

Arb. From whom *Bacurius*?

Bac. From the Princessse Sir.

Arb. I know I had seene her.

Mardo. His fit beginsnes to take him now againe
Tis a strange Feauer, and twill shake vs all

Anone I feare; would he were well cur'd of this raging folly:
Giue me the warres, where men are mad, and may talke what
they list, and held the brauest Fellowes; This pelting prat-
ling peace is good for nothing: drinking's a vertue to it;

Arb. I see theres truth in no man, nor obedience,
But for his owne ends, why did you let her in?

Bac. It was your owne command to barre none from him,
Beside the Princessse sent her Ring Sir
For my warrant.

Arb. A token to *Tigranes*, did she not:
Sirra tell truth.

Bac. I doe not vse to lye Sir,
Tis no way I eate or liue by, and I thinke
This is no token Sir.

Mar. This combat has vndone him: If he had beene well
beaten, he had beene temperate: I shal neuer see him handsome
again, till he haue a Horse-mans staffe poak't through his
shoulders, or an arme broke with a Bullet.

Arb. I am trifled with. *Bac.* Sir.

Arb. I know it, as I know thee to be false.

Mar. Now the clap comes.

Bac. You neuer knew me so Sir, I dare speake it,
And durst a worse man tell me though my better.

Mar. Tis well said by my Soule.

Arb. Sirra you answere as you had no life.

Bac. That I feare Sir to loose nobly.

Arb. I say Sir once againe

Bac. You may say Sir what you please.

Mar. would I might doe so.

Arb. I will Sir, and say openly this woman carries letters,
by my life I know she carries letters, this woman does it:

Mar. VVould *Bessus* were here to take her aside and search
her,

her, he would quickly tell you what she carried Sir.

Arb. I haue found it out, this woman carries letters.

Mar. If this hold twill be an ill world for Bauds, Chamber-maids, and post-boyes, I thanke God I haue none but his letters pattents, things of his owne inditing.

Arb. Prince this cunning cannot doe it.

Tig. V Vhat Sir, I reach you not.

Arb. It shall not serue your turne Prince.

Tig. Serue my turne Sir.

Arb. I Sir it shall not serue your turne.

Tig. Be plainer good Sir.

Arb. This woman shall carry no more letters backe to your loue *Panthaea*, by heauen she shall not, I sa she shall not.

Mardo. This would make a Saint sweare like a Souldier, and a Souldier like termogant. (me.

Tig. This beates me more King then the blowes you gaue

Arb. Take vm away both, and together let vm be prisoners, stricktly and closely kept, or Sirra your life shall answere it; and let no bodie speake with vm hereafter. (fions.

Bac. Well I am subiect to you, and must endure these pas-

Spa. This is the imprisonment I haue lookt for alwayes, and the deare place I would chuse. *Ex. Bacu. with Tig. and Spa.*

Mar. Sir, haue you done well now?

Arb. Dare you reprove it? *Mar.* No.

Arb. You must be crossing me.

Mar. I haue no letters Sir to anger you,
But a dry sonnet of my Corporals

To an old ~~Souldiers~~ wife, and that Ile burne Sir: *Sutlers*
Tis like to proue a fine age for the Ignorant.

Arb. How darest thou so often forfeit thy life,
Thou knowest tis in my power to take it.

Mar. Yes, and I know you wonnot, or if you doe, youle misse it quick lie. *Arb.* Why?

Mar. Who shall then tell you of these childish follies
When I am dead? Who shall put to his power
To draw those vertues out of a floud of humours
Where they are drownd, and make vm shine againe?
No cut my head off: doe, kill me:

Then you may talke, and be beleעד, and grow,
 And haue your too selfe-glorious temper rotted
 Into a dead sleepe, and the kingdome with you,
 till ~~like~~ forraigne swords be in your throats, and slaughter
 Be euery where about you like your flatterers.
 Doe, kill me.

Arb. Prethee be tamer good *Mardonius*,
 Thou knowst I loue thee, nay I honour thee :
 Beleeue it good old Souldier I am all thine :
 But I am rackt cleane from my selfe, beare with me,
 Woot thou beare with me good *Mardonius*. *Enter Gobrius.*

Mar. There comes a good man, loue him too, hees tempe-
 You may liue to haue need of such a vertue, (rate,
 Rage is not still in fashion.

Arb. VVelcome good *Gobrius*.

Gob. My seruice, and this letter to your grace.

Arb. From whom?

Go. From the rich mine of vertue, and all beautie,
 Your mournefull Sister.

Arb. She is in prison *Gobrius*, is shee not?

Gob. She is Sir till your pleasure doe enlarge her,
 Which on my knees I beg; O tis not fit
 That all the sweetnesse of the world in one;
 The youth, and vertue, that would haue wilde Tygers
 And wilder people, that haue knowne no manners
 Should liue thus Cloysterd vp. For your loues sake
 (If there be any in that Noble heart)
 To her a wretched Ladie. and forlorne,
 Or for her loue to you, (which is as much
 As Nature, and obedience euer gaue)
 Haue pittie on her beauties.

Arb. Prethee stand vp, tis true she is too Faire,
 And all these commendations but her owne :
 VVould thou hadst neuer so commended her,
 Or I nere liu'd to haue heard it, *Gobrius*;
 If thou but knewst the wrong her beautie does her,
 Thou wouldst in pittie of her be a liar :
 Thy ignorance has drawne me wretched man

Whether my selfe nor thou canst well tell, O my Fate,
I thinke shee loues me; but I feare another
Is deeper in her heart: how thinkest thou *Gobrius*?

Gob. I doe beseech your Grace beleue it not,
For let me perish if it be not false:
Good Sir reade her letter.

Mar. This loue, or what a diuell is it, I know not, be-
gets more mischief then a wake. I had rather be well beaten
staru'd, or low sie, then liue within the aire ont. He that had
seene this braue fellow charge through a groue of pykes but
tother day, and looke vpon him now, will nere beleue his
eyes againe; If he continue thus but two daies more, a Taylor
may beat him with one hand tyed behind him.

Arb. Alas she would be at libertie,
And there be thousand reasons *Gobrius*
That will denie it:
Which if she knew, she would contentedly
Be where she is and blesse her vertue for it,
And me though she were closer, She would *Gobrius*,
Good man indeed she would.

Gob. Then good Sir for her satisfaction
Send for her, and with reason make her know
VVhy she must liue thus from you.

Arb. I will goe bring her to me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bessius, and two Sword-men, and a Boy.

Bess. Y'are verie welcome both, some stooles there boy,
And reach a Table; Gentlemen oth' Sword,
Pray sit without more complement: be gone childe,
I haue beene curious in the searching of you,
Because I vnderstood you wise, and valiant persons.

1. vve vnderstand our selues Sir.

Bess. Nay Gentlemen, and my deare friends oth' Sword,
No complement I pray; but to the cause
I hang vpon, which in few, is my honour.

2. You cannot hang too much Sir for your honour,
But to your cause be wise, and speake truth.

Bess. My first doubt is my beating by my Prince.

1 Stay there a little Sir, doe you doubt a beating,

Or haue you had a beating by your Prince.

Bef. Gentlemen ath'sword, my Prince has beaten me.

2 Brother what thinke you of this case

1 If he haue beaten him, the case is cleare.

2 If he haue beaten him I grant the case;

But how? VVe cannot be too subtil in this businesse

I say, but how?

Bef. Euen with his royall hand.

1 Was it a blow of loue or indignation.

Bef. Twas twentie blowes of indignation gentlemen,
Besides two blowes ath'face.

2 Those blowes ath'face haue made a new case ont',
The rest were but an honourable rudnesse.

1. Two blowes oth' face, and giuen by a worse man, I
must confesse as we Sword-men say, had turnd the businesse:
Marke me brother, by a worse man; but being by his Prince,
had they beene ten, and those ten drawne ten teeth, beside the
hazard of his nose for euer; all these had beene but fauours:
This is my flat opinion, which Ile die in.

2. The King may doe much Captaine beleeue it, for had
hee crackt your skull through like a bottle, or broke a rib or
two with crossing of you, yet you had lost no honour: This is
strange you may imagin; but this is truth now Captaine.

Bef. I will be glad to imbrace it gentleman;
But how farre may he strike me?

1. Theres another,
A new cause rising from the time, and distance,
In which I will deliuer my opinion:
He may strike, beate, or cause to be beaten; for these are natu-
rall to man: your Prince I say may beate you so farre forth as
his dominion reacheth; that's for the distance, the time, ten
mile a day, I take it.

2. Brother you erre, tis fiftene mile a day,
His stage is ten, his beatings are fiftene.

Bef. Tis a the longest, but we subiects must
Be subiect to it: you are wise, and vertuous.

1. Obedience euer makes that noble vse ont,
To which I dedicate my beaten bodie;

I must

A King and no King.

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I must trouble you a little further Gentlemen oth' Sword.

2. No trouble at all to vs Sir, if we may
Profit your vnderstanding; we are bound
By vertue of our calling, to vtter our opinions
Shortly, and discretely.

Bess. My foremost businesse is, I haue beene kickt.

2. How farre Sir?

Bess. Not to flatter my selfe in it all ouer, my sword forst,
but not lost; for discretely I renderd it to saue that impu-
tation.

1. It shewed discretion the best part of valour.

2. Brother, this is a pretty case, pray ponder on't,
Our friend here has beene kickt.

1. He has so brother.

2. Soerely he sayes: Now had he sit downe here
Vpon the meere kicke, it had beene cowardly.

1. I thinke it had beene cowardly indeed.

2. But our friend has ~~redeem'd~~ it, in deliuering
His sword without compulsion; and that man
That tooke it of him, I pronounce a weake one,
And his kicks nullities.

He should haue kickt him after the deliuerie,
Which is the confirmation of a coward.

1. Brother, I take it you mistake the question:
For say that I were kickt.

2. I must not say so;

Nor I must not heare it spoke byth' tongue of man
You kickt deare brother; you are merrie.

1. But put the case I were kickt?

2. Let them put it that are things wearie of their liues, &
know not honour: put case you were kickt?

1. I doe not say I was kickt.

2. Nor no silly creature, that weares his head without
a case, his soule in a skin-coate: you kickt deare brother.

Bess. Nay Gentlemen, let vs doe what we shall doe
Truly and honestly; good Sir toth' question.

1. Why then I say, suppose your boy kickt Captaine?

2. The boy may be suppos'd, hee's lyable; but kicke my
brother?

I

1. A

A King and no King.

1. A foolish forward zeale Sir in my friend;
But to the boy, suppose the boy were kickt?

Bess. I doe suppose it.

1. Has your boy a sword?

Bess. Surely no: I pray suppose a sword too.

1. I doe suppose it: you grant your boy was kickt then.

2. By no meanes Captaine, let it be suppos'd still; this
word grant, makes not for vs.

1. I say this must be granted.

2. This must be granted brother?

1. I, this must be granted.

2. Still the must:

1. I say this must be granted:

2. Giue me the must againe, ~~again~~, brother you palter.

1. I will not heare you waspe.

2. Brother, I say you palter, the must three times toge-
ther; I weare as sharpe Steele as another man,
And my Foxe bites as deepe, must be my deare brother:
But to the cause againe:

Bess. Nay, looke you Gentlemen.

2. In a word I ha done.

1. A tall man, but vntemperate; tis great pittie:
Once more suppose the boy kickt.

2. Forward.

1. And being throughly kickt, laughes at the kicke.

2. So much for vs; proccede.

1. And in this beaten scorne, as I may call it,
Deliuers vp his weapon: where lies the error?

Bess. It lies ith beating Sir,
I found it foure dayes since.

2. The error, and a sore one, as I take it;
Lies in the thing kicking.

Bess. I vnderstand that well, tis sore indeed Sir.

1. That is according to the man that did it.

2. There springs a new branch: whose was the foote?

Bess. Ah Lords.

1. The cause is mightie, but had it beene two Lords,
And both had kickt you, if you laugh, tis cleere.

Bess. I did laugh,

But

But how will that helpe me Gentlemen?

1. Yes, it shall helpe you, if you laught alowd.

Bess. As lowd as a kickt man could laugh, I laught Sir:

1. My reason now; the valiant man is knowne

By suffering and contemning, you haue
Enough of both, and you are valiant.

2. If he be sure he has beene kickt enough:

For that braue sufferance you speake of brother,

Consists not in a beating, and away,

But in a cudgeld bodie, from eighteene

To eight and thirtie: in a head rebuk't

With pots of all Size, daggers, stooles, and bedstaues,

This shewes a valiant man.

Bess. Then I am valiant, as valiant, as the proudest,

For these are all familiar things to me:

Familiar as my sleepe, or want of money.

All my whole bodi's but one bruize with beating,

I thinke I haue beene cudgeld with all nations,

And almost all Religions.

2. Imbrace him brother, this man is valiant,
I know it by my selfe hees valiant.

1. Captaine thou art a valiant Gentleman
To abide vpon't, a very valiant man.

Bess. My equall friends ath' sword, I must request your hands

2. Tis fit it should be. (to this.

Bess. Boy get some wine, and pen and Inke within:
Am I cleare Gentlemen?

1. Sir when the world has taken notice what we haue done,
Make much of your bodie, for Ile pawne my Steele,
Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.

Bess. I must request you goe along, and testifie to the Lord
Bacchius, whose foot has stricke me, how you find my cause.

2. We will, and tell that Lord he must be rul'd,
Or there be those abroad will rule his Lordship. *Exeunt:*

Enter Arbaces at one doore, Gob. and Panthaa at another.

Gob. Sir her's the Princeesse.

Arb. I leaue vs then alone.

For the maine cause of her imprisonment

Must not be heard by any but her selfe:
 You are welcome Sister, and I would to God
 I could so bid you by another name,
 If you about loue not such sinnes as these,
 Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow
 To quench these rising flames that harbour here.

Pan. Sir, does it please you, I should speake.

Arb. Please me,

I more then all the art of Musicke can;
 Thy speech does please me, for it euer sounds
 As thou broughtst ioyfull vnexpected newes:
 And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard,
 I prethee thinke so.

Pan. Be it so, I will.

I am the first that euer had a wrong
 So farre from being fit to haue redresse,
 That twas vnfit to heare it; I will backe
 To prison rather, then disquiet you,
 And waite till it be fit.

Arb. No, doe not goe,

For I will heare thee with a serious thought:
 I haue collected all thats man about me
 Together strongly, and I am resolut
 To heare thee largely, but I doe beseech thee
 Doe not come neerer to me, for there is
 Something in that that will vndoe vs both.

Pan. Alas Sir, am I venom?

Arb. Yes to me.

Though of thy selfe I thinke thee to be in
 As equall a degree of heate, or cold
 As Nature can make, yet as vnfound men
 Conuert the sweetest, and the nourishingst meates
 Into diseases, so shall I distemperd,
 Doe thee, I prethee draw no neerer to me.

Pan. Sir this is that I would, I am of late,
 Shut from the world, and why it should be thus
 Is all I wish to know.

Arb. VVhy credit me

Pantha, credit me that am thy brother,
Thy louing brother, that there is a cause
Sufficient, yet vnfit for thee to knowe,
That might vndoe thee euerlastingly
Onely to heare, wilt thou but credit this;
By heauen tis true, belecue it if thou canst.

Pan. Children and fooles are euer credulous;
And I am both I thinke, for I belecue:
If you dissemble be it on your head,
Ile backe vnto my prison, yet me thinkes
I might be kept in some place where you are:
For in my selfe I finde, I know not what
To call it, but it is a great desire
To see you often.

Arb. Fie, you come in a step, what doe you meane
Deare Sister, doe not so: Alas *Pantha*,
Where I am, would you be, why thats the cause
You are imprisond, that you may not be
VWhere I am.

Pan. Then I must endure it Sir, God keepe you.

Arb. Nay, you shall heare the cause in short *Pantha*;
And when thou hearst it, thou wilt blush for me,
And hang thy head downe like a Violet
Full of the mornings dew: There is a way
To gaine thy freedome, but tis such a one
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know,
Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a prooffe
Whether the Gods haue care of innocents,
Rather then follow it; know I haue lost
The onely difference betwixt man, and beast,
My reason.

Pan. Heauen forbid.

Arb. Nay it is gone,
And I am left as farre without a bound,
As the wild Ocean that obeyes the winds;
Each suddaine passion throwes me as it lists,
And ouerwhelmes all that oppose my will:
I haue beheld thee with a lustfull eye:

My heart is set on wickednesse, to act
 Such finnes with thee, as I haue beene afraid
 To thinke off: If thou dar'st consent to this,
 (Which I beseech thee doe not) thou maist gaine
 Thy libertie, and yeeld me a content:
 If not thy dwelling must be darke, and close
 VWhere I may neuer see thee; For God knowes
 That layd this punishment vpon my pride,
 Thy sight at some time will enforce my madnesse
 To make a start ~~eye~~ to thy rauishing: *eu*
 Now spit vpon me, and call all reproaches
 Thou canst deuise together; and at once
 Hurl vni against me: for I am a sicknesse
 As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee.

Pan. Farre be it from me to reuile the King:
 But it is true, that I should rather chuse
 To search out death, that else would search out me,
 And in a graue sleepe with my innocence,
 Then welcome such a sinne: It is my fate,
 To these crosse accidents I was ordaind,
 And must haue patience; and but that my eyes
 Haue more of woman in vni then my heart,
 I would not weepe: peace enter you againe.

Arb. Farewell, and good *Pantha* pray for me;
 Thy prayers are pure, that I may find a death,
 How euer soone before my passions grow,
 That they forget, what I desire, is sinne;
 For thether they are tending: If that happen,
 Then I shall force thee, though thou wert a Virgin
 By vow to Heauen, and shall pull a heape
 Of strange, yet vniuented finnes vpon me.

Pan. Sir, I will pray for you; yet you shall know
 It is a fullen fate that gouernes vs.

For I could wish as heartilie as you
 I were no sister to you. I should then
 Imbrace your lawfull loue sooner then health.

Arb. Couldst thou affect me then?

Pan. So perfectly

That as it is, I nere shall sway my heart
To like another.

Arb. Then I curse my birth,
Must this be added to my miseries
That thou art willing too, Is there no steppe
To our full happinesse, but these meere sounds
Brother and Sister.

Pan. There is nothing else
But these alas will seperate vs more
Then twentie worlds betwixt vs.

Arb. I haue liu'd
To conquer men, and now am ouerthrowne
Onely by words, Brother and Sister : where
Haue those words dwelling ? I will find vm out
And vtterly destroy them, but they are
Not to be grasp't : let vm be men or beasts,
And I will cut vm from the earth, or townes,
And I will rase vm, and then blow vm vp :
Let vm be Seas, and I will drinke them off,
And yet haue vnquencht fire left in my breast :
Let vm be any thing but meerely voice,

Pan. But tis not in the power of any Force
Or pollicie to conquer them.

Arb. *Panthaa,*
VVhat shall wee doe ? shall we stand firmly here, and gaze
our eyes out ?

Pan. Would I could doe so ;
But I shall weepe out mine.

Arb. Accursed man,
Thou boughtst thy reason at too deare a rate ;
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in
With curious rules, when euerie Beast is free :
What is there that acknowledges a kindred
But wretched Man ? Who ener saw the Bull
Fearefully leaue the Heifer that he likt,
Because they had one Dam ?

Pan. Sir, I disturbe you,
And my selfe too ; twere better I were gone :

I will not be so foolish as I was.

Arb. Stay, we will loue iust as becomes our birthes,
No otherwife: Brothers and Sisters may
VValke hand in hand together; so will we
Come neerer: Is there any hurt in this?

Pan. I hope not.

Arb. Faith theres none at all:
And tell me truly now, is there not one
You loue aboue me?

Pan. No by Heauen.

Arb. Yet you sent vnto *Tigranes* Sister.

Pan. True, but for another: for the truth —

Arb. No more,
He credit thee; I know thou canst not lie,
Thou art all truth.

Pan. But is there nothing else
That we may doe, but onely walke; me thinkes
Brothers and sisters lawfully may kisse.

Arb. And so they may *Panthaa*, so will we,
And kisse againe too; we were scrupulous
And foolish, but we will be so no more.

Pan. If you haue any mercy, let me goe
To prison, to my death, to any thing:
I feele a sinne growing vpon my bloud,
Worse then all these, hotter I feare then yours.

Arb. That is impossible, what should we doe?

Pan. Flie Sir for Gods sake.

Arb. So we must, away;

Sin growes vpon vs more by this delay. *Finis Actus Quarti.*

Actus Quinti Scæna Prima.

Enter Mardonius, and Ligones.

Mar. **S**IR. the King has seene your Commission, and
Soeleues it, and freely by this warrant giues you
leau to visit Prince *Tigranes* your noble Master.

Lig. I thanke his Grace, and kisse his hands.

Mar.

Mar. But is the maine of all your businesse
Ended in this?

Lig. I haue another, but a worse; I am asham'd, it is a
businesse. —

Mar. You ~~seem~~^{seeme} a worthy person, and a stranger I am sure
you are; you may imploy mee if you please, without your
purse, such Officers should euer be their owne rewards.

Lig. I am bound to your noblenesse.

Mar. I may haue neede of you, and then this curtesie,
If it be any, is not ill bestowed:
But may I ciuilly desire the rest?
I shall not be a hurter, if no helper.

Lig. Sir, you shall know I haue lost a foolish daughter,
And with her all my patience; pilferd away.
By a meane Captaine of your Kings.

Mar. Stay there Sir:
If he haue reacht the noble worth of Captaine,
He may well claime a worthy gentlewoman,
Though shee were yours, and noble.

Lig. I grant all that too: but this wretched fellow
Reaches no further then the emptie name,
That serues to feede him; were he valiant,
Or had but in him any noble nature,
That might hereafter promise him a good man;
My cares were something lighter, and my graue
A span yet from me.

Mar. I confesse such fellowes
Be in all royall Campes, and haue, and must be
To make the ~~name~~^{name} of coward more detested
In the meane Souldier, that with such a soyle
Sets of much valour: By description
I should now guesse him to you. It was *Bessus*,
I dare almost with confidence pronounce it.

Lig. Tis such a scuruy name as *Bessus*, and now I thinke
tis hee.

Mar. Captaine, doe you call him?
Beleeue me Sir, you haue a miserie
Too mighty for your age: A pox vpon him,

For that must be the end of all his seruice :
Your daughter was not mad Sir?

Lig. No, would shee had beene,
The fault had had more credit : I would doe something.

Mar. I would faine counsell you; but to what I know not:
Hee's so below a beating, that the women
Find him not worthy of their distaues ; and
To hang him, were to cast away a rope,
Hee's such an ayrie thin vn bodied coward,
That no reuenge can catch him :

3rd
Heere him
He tell you Sir, and tell you truth; this rascall
Feares neither God nor man, has beene so beaten :
Sufferance has made him wanscote; he has had
Since ~~hee was first a slave~~, at least three hundred daggers
Set in his head, as little boyes doe new kniues in hot meat;
Ther's not a rib in's bodie a my conscience,
That has not beene thrice broken with drie beating ;
And now his sides looke like to wicker targets,
Euerie way bended :
Children will shortly take him for a wall,
And set their stone-bowes in his forehead: is of so low a fence,
I cannot in a weeke imagine what should be done to him.

Lig. Sure I haue committed some great sinne,
That this strange fellow should be made my rod :
I would see him, but I shall haue no patience:

Mar. Tis no great matter if you haue not, if a laming of
him, or such a toy may doe you pleasure Sir, he has it for you,
and He helpe you to him : tis no newes to him to haue a leg
brokē; or a shoulder out, with being turnd ath' stones like a
Tanzie : Draw not your sword, if you loue it; for of my con-
science his head will breake it : we vse him ith' warres like a
Ramme to shake a wall withall; here comes the verie person
of him, doe as you shall find your temper I must leaue you :
but if you doe not breake him like a bisket, you are much
too blame Sir. *Ex. Mardo. Enter Bessus and Sword-men.*

Lig. Is your name *Bessus*?

Bes. Men call me Captaine *Bessus*.

Lig. Then Captaine *Bessus* you are a ranke rascall, without
more

more exordiums, a durty frozen slaue; and with the fauour of your friends here, I will beate you.

2. Pray vse your pleasure Sir, you seem to be a gentleman.

Lig. Thus Captaine *Bessus*, thus; thus twinge your nose, thus kicke you, and thus tread you.

Bess. I doe beseech you yeeld your cause Sir quickly.

Lig. Indeed I should haue told you that first.

Bess. I take it so.

1. Captaine, a should indeed, he is mistaken:

Lig. Sir you shall haue it quickly, and more beating, You haue stolne away a Lady Captaine Coward, And such a one.

Bess. Hold, I beseech you, hold Sir, I neuer yet stole any liuing thing That had a tooth about it.

Lig. Sir I know you dare lie.

Bess. With none but Summer Whores vpon my life Sir.

Bess. My meanes and manners neuer could attempt Aboue a hedge or hey-cocke.

Lig. Sirra that quits not me, where is this Ladie, Doe that you doe not vse to doe, tell truth, Or by my hand Ile beat your Captaines braines out. Wash vm, and put vm in againe, ~~that will I~~ who will

Bess. There was a Ladie Sir, I must confesse Once in my charge: the Prince *Tigranes* gaue her To my guard for her safetie, how I vsd her She may her selfe report, shee's with the Prince now: I did but waite vpon her like a Groome, Which she will testifie I am sure: If not, My braines are at your seruice when you please Sir, And glad I haue vm for you?

Lig. This is most likely, Sir I aske your pardon, And am sorrie I was so intemperate.

Bess. Well, I can aske no more, you would thinke it strange Now to haue me beat you at first sight.

Lig. Indeed I would, but I know your goodnes can forget Two: tie beatings. You must forgiue me.

Bess. Yes, ther's my hand, goe where you will, I shall thinke

You a valiant fellow for all this.

Lig. My daughter is a Whore,
I feele it now too sencible; yet I will see her,
Discharge my selfe of being Father to her,
And then backe to my Countrie, and there die;
Farewell Captaine. *Exit.*

Bef. Farewell Sir, farewell, commend me to the Gentle-
woman I praia.

1. How now Captaine, beare vp man.

Bef. Gentlemen ath' sword your hands once more, I haue
Beene kickt againe, but the foolish fellow is penitent,
Has ask't me mercy, and my honor's safe.

2 VVe knew that, or the foolish fellow had better a kick't
His Grandfire.

Bef. Confirme, confirme I pray.

1. There be our hands againe.

2. Now let him come, and say he was not sorry,
And he sleepest for it. *Heere's yoyrie for him.*

Bef. Alas good ignorant old man, let him goe,
Let him goe, these courses will vndoe him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ligones, and Bacchus.

Bac. My Lord your authoritie is good, and I am glad it is
so, for my consent would neuer hinder you from seeing your
owne King. I am a Minister, but not a gouernour of this state,
yonder is your King, Ile leaue you. *Exit.*

Lig. There he is indeed, *Enter Tig. and Spaco.*
And with him my disloyall childe.

Tig. I doe perceiue my fault so much, that yet
Me thinkes thou shouldst not haue forgiuen me.

Lig. Health to your Maiestie.

Tig. VVhat? good *Ligones*, welcome; what businesse
brought thee hether?

Lig. Seuerall Businesse.

My publique businesse will appeare by this:

I haue a message to deliuer, which

If it please you so to authorise, is

An embassage from the Armenian state;

Vnto *Arbaces* for your libertie.

The offer's there set downe, please you to read it.

Tig. There is no alteration happened
Since I came thence?

Lig. None Sir, all is as it was.

Tig. And all our friends are well.

Lig. All verie well.

Spa. Though I haue done nothing but what was good,
I dare not see my Father: It was fault

Enough not to acquaint him with that good.

Lig. Madam I should haue scene you.

Spa. O good Sir forgiue me.

Lig. Forgiue you, why I am no kin to you, am I?

Spa. Should it be measur'd by my meane deserts,
Indeed you are not.

Lig. Thou couldst prate vnhappily
Ere thou couldst goe, would thou couldst doe as well.
And how does your custome hold out here. *Spa.* Sir.

Lig. Are you in priuate still, or how?

Spa. What doe you meane?

Lig. Doe you take money? are you come to sell sinne yet?
perhaps I can helpe you to liberall Clients: or has not the
King cast you off yet? O thou vild creature, whose best com-
mendation is, that thou art a young VVhore. I would thy
Mother had liu'd to see this: or rather would I had dyed ere
I had scene it: why did'st not make me acquainted when thou
wert first resolu'd to be a Whore? I would haue scene thy hot
lust satisfied more priuately. I would haue kept a dancer, and
a whole consort of Musitions in mine owne house, onely to
fiddle thee. *Spa.* Sir I was neuer whore.

Lig. If thou couldst not say so much for thy selfe thou
shouldst be Carted.

Tig. *Ligones* I haue read it, and like it,
You shall deliuer it.

Lig. Well Sir I will: but I haue priuate busines with you.

Tig. Speake, what ist?

Lig. How has my age deseru'd so ill of you,
That you can picke no strumpets in the Land,
But out of my breed.

Tig. Strumpets good *Ligones*?

Lig. Yes, and I wish to haue you know, I scorne
To get a Whore for any Prince aliue,
And yet scorne will not helpe me thinkes : My daughter
Might haue beene spar'd, there were enough beside.

Tig. May I not prosper, but Shee's innocent
As morning light for me, and I dare sweare
For all the world.

Lig. Why is she with you then?
Can she waite on you better then your men,
Has she a gift in plucking off your stockings,
Can she make Cawdles well, or cut your Cornes,
VWhy doe you keepe her with you? For your Queene
I know you doe contemne her, so should I
And euery Subiect else thinke much at it.

Tig. I et vm thinke much, but tis more firme then earth
Thou seest thy Queene there.

Lig. Then haue I made a faire hand, I cald her Whore,
If I shall speake now as her Father, I cannot et use
But greatly reioyce that she shall be a Queene: but if
I should speake to you as a Statesman shee were more fit
To be your VVhore.

Tig. Get you about your businesse to *Arbaces*,
Now you talke idlie.

Lig. Yes Sir, I will goe.
And shall she be a Queene, she had more wit
Then her old Father when she ranne away:
Shall shee be a Queene now by my troth tis fine,
He dance out of all measure at her wedding:
Shall I not Sir?

Tigr. Yes marrie shalt thou.

Lig. I'e make these witherd Kexes beare my bodie
Two hures together aboue ground.

Tigr. Nay, goe, my businesse requires haste.

Lig. Good God preserue you, you are an excellent King.

Spa. Farewell good Father.

Lig. Farewell sweete vertuous Daughter;
Ineuer was so ioyfull in my life,

That

That I remember: shall shee be a Queene?
Now I perceiue a man may weepe for ioy,
I had thought they had lied that said so.

Exit.

Tig. Come my deare loue.

Spa. But you may see another
May alter that againe.

Tigr. Vrge it no more;
I haue made vp a new strong constancie,
Not to be shooke with eyes; I know I haue
The passions of a man, but if I meete
With any subiect that shall hold my eyes
More firmly then is fit; Ile thinke of thee,
And runne away from it: let that suffice. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bacurins, and a seruant.

Bac. Three gentlemen without to speake with me?

Ser. Yes Sir. *Bac.* Let them come in.

Ser. They are entered Sir already.

Enter Bessus, and Swordmen.

Bac. Now fellowes, your busines, are these the Gentlemen.

Bess. My Lord I haue made bold to bring these Gentlemen
my Friends ath'sword along with me.

Bac. I am afraid youle fight then.

Bess. My good Lord I will not, your Lordship is mistaken,
Feare not Lord.

Bac. Sir I am sorrie fort.

Bess. I can aske no more in honor, Gentlemen you heare
my Lord is sorrie:

Bac. Not that I haue beaten you, but beaten one that
will be beaten: one whose dull bodie will require launcing: *lammyng*
As surfeits doe the diet, spring and full. *Stock-fish?*

Now to your swordmen, what come they for good Captaine?

Bess. It seemes your Lordship has forgot my name.

Bac. No nor your nature neither, though they are things
fitter I confesse for any thing, then my remembrance, or anie
honest mans, what shall these billets doe, be pilde vp in my
VVood-yard?

Bess. Your Lordship holds your mirth still, God continue
it: but for these Gentlemen they come.

Bac. To sweare you are a Coward, spare your Booke, I doe beleue it.

Bef. Your Lordship still drawes wide, they come to vouch vnder their valiant hands, I am no Coward.

Bac. That would be a shew indeed worth seeing: firra be wise and take money for this motion, trauell with it, and where the name of *Bessie* has been knowne, or a good Coward stirring, twill yeeld more then a tilting. This will proue more beneficiall to you, if you be thriftie, then your Captaineship, and more naturall; Men of most valiant hands is this true?

2. It is so most renowned,

Bac. Tis somewhat strange.

1. Lord, it is strange, yet true; wee haue examined from your Lordships foote there to this mans head, the nature of the beatings; and we doe find his honour is come off cleane, and sufficient: This as our swords shall helpe vs.

Bac. You are much bound to your bilbow-men, I am glad you are straight again Captaine: twere good you would thinke some way to gratifie them, they haue vndergone a labour for you *Bessie*, would haue puzzeld *Hercules*, with all his valour.

2. Your Lordship must vnderstand we are no men ath' Law, that take pay for our opinions: it is sufficient wee haue cleer'd our friend.

Bac. Yet here is something due, which I as toucht in conscience will discharge Captaine; Ile pay this rent for you.

Bess. Spare your selfe my good Lord; my braue friends atme at nothing but the vertue.

Bac. That's but a cold discharge Sir for their paines.

2. O Lord, my good Lord.

Bac. Be not so modest, I will giue you something.

Bef. They shall dine with your Lordship, that's sufficient.

Bac. Something in hand the while; ye rogues, ye applesquiers: doe you come hether with your botled valour, your windie frothe, to limit out my beatings.

1. I doe beseech your Lordship.

2. O good Lord.

Bac.

Bac. Sfoote, what a many of beaten slaues are here? get me a cudgell firra, and a tough one.

2. More of your foot, I doe beseech your Lordship.

Bac. You shall, you shall dog, and your fellow beagle.

1. A this side good my Lord.

Bac. Off with your swords, for if you hurt my foote, Ile haue you fleade you rascals.

1. Mines off my Lord.

2. I beseech your Lordship stay a little, my strap's tied to my codpiece point: Now when you please.

Bac. Captaine, these are your valiant friends, you long for a little too?

Bess. I am verie well, I humblie thanke your Lordship.

Bac. Whats that in your pocket slaue, ~~my key~~ you mungrell? thy buttocks cannot be so hard, out with't quicklie.

2. Here tis Sir, a small piece of Artillerie, that a gentleman a deare friend of your Lordships sent me with to get it mended Sir; for if you marke, the nose is somewhat loose.

Bac. A friend of mine you rascall, I was neuer wearier of doing nothing, then kicking these two foote-bals.

Ser. Heres a good cudgell Sir.

Bac. It comes too late; I am wearie, prethee doe thou beate vm.

2. My Lord this is foule play ifaith, to put a fresh man vpon vs; Men are but men.

Bac. That icst shall saue your bones, vp with your rotten regiment, and be gone; I had rather thresh, then be bound to kicke these raskals, till they cride hold: *Bessus* you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit. Farewell, as you like this, pray visit mee againe, twill keepe me in good

2. Has a diuellish hard foote, I neuer felt the like. (breath.

1. Nor I, and yet Ime sure I ha felt a hundred.

2. If he kicke thus ith dog-daies, he will be drie founderd: what cure now Captaine, besides oyle of bayes?

Bess. Why well enough I warrant you, you can goe.

2. Yes, God be thanked; but I feele a shrewd ach, sure he has sprang my huckle bone.

1. I haloft a haunch.

Bess. A little butter friend, a little butter, butter and parselic is a foueraigne matter : *probatum est.* (nours:

2. Capitaine, we must request your hands now to our ho-

Bess. Yes marrie shall ye, and then let all the world come, we are valiant to our selues, and theres an end:

1. Nay, then we must be valiant; O my ribbes.

2. O my small guts, a plague vpon these sharpe toe'd shooes, they are murderers. *Exeunt.*

Enter Arbaces with his Sword drawne. (

Arb. It is resolu'd, I bore it whilst I could,
I can no more, Hell open all thy gates,
And I will thorough them; if they be shut,
Ile batter vm, but I will find the place
VVhere the most damn'd haue dwelling: ere I end,
Amongst them all they shall not haue a sinne,
But I may call it mine: I must beginne
VVith murder of my friend, and so goe on
To an incestuous rauishing, and end
My life and sinnes with a forbidden blow
Vpon my selfe. *Enter Mardonius.*

Mardo. What Tragedie is nere?
That hand was neuer wont to draw a Sword,
But it cride dead to something:

Arb. Mar. haue you bid *Gobrius* come?

Mar. How doe you Sir?

Arb. vell, is he comming?

Mar. vvhy Sir are you thus?

why does your hand proclaime a lawlesse warre
Against your selfe?

Arb. Thou answerest me one question with another,
Is *Gobrius* comming?

Mar. Sir he is. *Arb.* Tis well.

~~Arb.~~ I can forbear your questions then, be gone
Mar. Sir, I haue markt.

Arb. Marke lesse, it troubles you and me.

Mar. You are more variable then you were.

Arb. It may be so.

Mar. To day no Hermit could be humbler

Then

Then you were to vs all.

Arb. And what of this?

Mar. And now you take new rage into your eies,
As you would looke vs all out of the Land.

Arb. I doe confesse it, will that satisfie,
I prethee get thee gone.

Mar. Sir I will speake. *Arb.* Will ye?

Mar. It is my dutie,
I feare you will kill your selfe: I am a subiect,
And you shall doe me wrong in't: tis my cause,
And I may speake.

Arb. Thou art not traird in sinne,
It seemes *Mardonius*: kill my selfe, by heauen
I will not doe it yet; and when I will,
He tell thee then: I shall be such a creature,
That thou wilt giue me leaue without a word.
There is a method in mans wickednesse,
It growes vp by degrees; I am not come
So high as killing of my selfe, there are
A hundred thousand sinnes twixt me and it,
Which I must doe, I shall come toot at last;
But take my oath not now, be satisfied,
And get thee hence.

Mar. I am forrie tis so ill.

Arb. Be forrie then,
True sorrow is alone, grieue by thy selfe.

Mar. I pray you let mee see your sword put vp
Before I goe; He leaue you then.

Arb. Why so?

What follie is this in thee? is it not
As apt to mischief as it was before?
Can I not reach it thinkest thou? these are toys
For children to be pleas'd with, and not men;
Now I am safe you thinke: I would the booke
Of Fate were here, my sword is not so sure,
But I should get it out, and mangle that
That all the destinies should quite forget
Their fix't decrees, and hast to make vs new.

Farre other Fortunes, mine could not be worse,
Wilt thou now leaue me?

Mar. God put into your bosome temperate thoughts,
Ile leaue you though I feare. *Exit.*

Arb. Goe, thou art honest,
Why should the hastie errors of my youth
Be so vn pardonable, to draw a sinne
Helpelesse vpon me?

Enter Gobrius:

Gob. There is the King, now it is ripe.

Arb. Draw neere thou guiltie man,
That art the author of the loathedst crime
Fiue ages haue brought forth, and heare me speake
Curfes incurable, and all the euils
Mans bodie or his spirit can receiue
Be with thee.

Gob. VVhy Sir doe you curse me thus?

Arb. VVhy doe I curse thee, if there be a man
Subtill in curses, that exceeds the rest,
His worst wish on thee. Thou hast broke my hart.

Gob. How Sir? Haue I preferu'd you from a childe,
From all the arrowes, malice or ambition
Could shoot at you, and haue I this for pay?

Arb. Tis true thou didst preserue me, and in that
VVert crueller then hardned murderers
Of Infants and their mothers; thou didst saue me
Onely till thou hadst studded out a way
How to destroy me cunningly thy selfe:
This was a curious way of torturing.

Gob. What doe you meane?

Arb. Thou knowst the euils thou hast done to me,
Dost thou remember all those witching letters
Thou sentst vnto me to *Armenia*,
Fild with the praise of my beloued Sister,
Where thou extolst her beantie; what had I
To doe with that, what could her beantie be
To me, and thou didst write how well shee lou'd me,
Dost thou remember this: so that I doated
Something before I saw her.

Gob.

Gob. This is true.

Arb. Is it, and when I was returnd thou knowst
Thou didst pursue it, till thou woundst mee into
Such a strange, and vnbeleeu'd affection,
As good men cannot thinke on.

Gob. This I grant, I thinke I was the cause:

Arb. VVert thou? Nay more, I thinke thou meantst it.

Gob. Sir I hate a lie
As I loue God and honestie, I did:
It was my meaning.

Arb. Be thine owne sad Iudge,
A further condemnation will not need:
Prepare thy selfe to die.

Gob. VWhy Sir to die?

Arb. VWhy wouldst thou liue, was euer yet offender
So impudent, that had a thought of mercy
After confession of a crime like this?
Get out I cannot, where thou hurlist me in,
But I can take reuenge, that's all the sweetnesse
Left for me.

Gob. Now is the time, heare me but speake.

Arb. No, yet I will be farre more mercifull
Then thou wert to me; thou didst steale into me,
And neuer gauest me warning: so much time
As I giue thee now, had preuented thee
For euer. Notwithstanding all thy sinnes,
If thou hast hope, that there is yet a prayer
To saue thee, turne, and speake it to your selfe.

Gob. Sir, you shall know your sinnes before you doe vnto
If you kill me.

Arb. I will not slay then.

Gob. Know you kill your Father. *Arb.* How?

Gob. You kill your Father.

Arb. My Father? though I know it for a lie
Made out of feare to saue thy stained life:
The verie reuerence of the word comes crosse me,
And ties mine arme downe.

Gob. I will tell you that shall heighten you againe, I am thy
Father,

Father, I charge thee heare me.

Arb. If it should be so,
As tis most false, and that I should be found
A bastard issue, the dispised fruite
Of lawlesse lust, I should no more admire
All my wilde passions : but another truth
Shali be wrung from thee : If I could come by
The spirit of paine, it should be powr'd on thee,
Till thou allowest thy selfe more full of lies
Then he that teaches thee. *Enter Arane.*

Arane. Turne thee about,
I come to speake to thee thou wicked man,
Heare me thou Tyrant.

Arb. I will turne to thee,
Heare me thou Strumpet : I haue blotted out
The name of mother, as thou hast thy shame.

Ara. My shame, thou hast lesse shame then any thing :
Why dost thou keepe my daughter in a prison?
Why dost thou call her Sister, and doe this ?

Arb. Cease thou strange impudence, and answere quickly,
If thou condemn'st me, this will aske an answere,
And haue it.

Ara. Helpe me gentle *Gobrius*.

Arb. Guilt dare not helpe guilt, though they grow together
In doing ill, yet at the punishment
They seuer, and each flies the noyse of other,
Thinke not of helpe, answere.

Ara. I will, to what ?

Arb. To such a thing as if it be a truth,
Thinke what a creature thou hast made thy selfe,
That didst not shame to doe, what I must blush
Onely to aske thee : tell me who I am,
Whose sonne I am, without all circumstance ;
Be thou as hastie, as my Sword will be
If thou refuseth.

Ara. VVhy you are his sonne.

Arb. His sonne?

Sweare, sweare, thou worse then woman damn'd.

Ara.

Ara. By all thats good you are.

Arb. Then art thou all that euer was knowne bad. Now is
The cause of all my strange misfortunes come to light :
What reuerence expects thou from a childe
To bring forth which thou hast offended Heauen,
Thy husband and the Land : Adulterous witch
I know now why thou wouldst haue poyson'd me,
I was thy lust which thou wouldst haue forgot :
Thou wicked mother of my sinnes, and me,
Shew me the way to the inheritance
I haue by thee : which is a spacious world
Of impious acts, that I may soone possesse it :
Plagues rott thee, as thou liu'st, and such diseases
As vse to pay lust, recompence thy deed.

Gob. You doe not know why you curse thus.

Arb. Too well :

You are a paire of Vipers, and behold
The Serpent you haue got ; there is no beast
But if he knew, it has a pedigree
As braue as mine, for they haue more discents,
And I am euery way as beastly got,
As farre without the compasse of a law,
As they.

Ara. You spend your rage, and words in vaine,
And raile vpon a guesse : heare vs a little.

Arb. No I will neuer heare, but talke away
My breath, and die.

Gob. VVhy but you are no Bastard.

Arb. Howe's that ?

Ara. Nor childe of mine.

Arb. Still you goe on in wonders to me.

Gob. Pray be more patient, I may bring comfort to you.

Arb. I will kneele,
And heare with the obedience of a childe ;
Good Father speake, I doe acknowledge you,
So you bring comfort.

Gob. First know our last King your supposed Father
VVas olde and feeble when he marryed her,

And almost all the Land as shee past hope
Of issue from him.

Arb. Therefore shee tooke leaue
To play the whoore, because the King was old :
Is this the comfort ?

Ira. *Arb.* vvhhat will you find out
To giue me satisfaction, when you find
How you haue iniur'd me: let fire consume mee,
If euer I were whore.

Gob. Forbeare these starts,
Or I will leaue you wedded to despaire,
As you are now: if you can find a temper,
My breath shall be a pleasant westerne wind,
That cooles, and blastes not.

Arb. Bring it out good Father,
He lie, and listen here as reuerentlie
As to an Angell: If I breathe too loude,
Tell me; for I would be as still as night.

Gob. Our King I say was old, and this our Queene
Desired to bring an heire; but yet her husband
Shee thought was past it, and to be dishonest
I thinke shee would not; if shee would haue beene,
The truth is, shee was watcht so narrowlie,
And had so slender opportunitie,
Shee hardly could haue beene: But yet her cunning
Found out this way; shee fain'd her selfe with child,
And postes were sent in haste throughout the Land,
And God was humbly thank't in euery Church,
That so had blest the Queen, and prayers were made
For her safe going, and deliuerie :
Shee fain'd now to grow bigger, and perceiu'd
This hope of issue made her feard, and brought
A farre more large respect from euerie man,
And saw her power increase, and was resolu'd,
Since shee belieu'd shee could not haue't indeede;
At least shee would be thought to haue a child.

Arb. Doe I not heare it well; nay, I will make
No noise at all; but pray you to the point,
Quicke as you can:

Gob Now when the time was full,
 Shee should be brought abed; I had a sonne
 Borne, which was you: This the Queene hearing of,
 Mou'd me to let her haue you, and such reasons
 Shee shewed me as shee knew would tie
 My secrecie: Since swaie you should be king;
 And o be short, I did deliuer you
 Vnto her, and pretended you were dead;
 And in mine owne house kept a Funerall,
 And had an empirie coffin put in earth:
 That night the Queene faid hastilie to labour,
 And by a paire of women of her owne,
 VVhich shee had charm'd, shee made the world belieue
 Shee was deliuer'd of you: you grew vp
 As the Kings sonne, till you were sixe yeere olde;
 Then did the King die, and did leaue to me
 Protection of the Realme; and contrarie
 To his owne expectation, left this Queene
 Truly with childe indeed of the faire Princeesse
Pantha: Then shee could haue torne her heire,
 And did alone to me, yet durst not speake
 In publike; for shee knew shee should be found
 A Traytor, and her talke would haue beene thought
 Madnesse or any thing rather then truth:
 This was the onely cause why shee did seeke
 To poyson you, and I to keepe you safe:
 And this the reason why I sought to kindle
 Some sparke of loue in you to faire *Pantha*,
 That shee might get part of her right agen.

Arb. And haue you made an end now, is this all?
 If not, I will be still till I am aged,
 Till all my heires are filuer.

Gob This is all.

Arb. And is it true say you Maddam?

Ara. Yes God knowes it is most true.

Arb. *Pantha* then is not my Sister. *Gob* No.

Arb. But can you proue this?

If you will giue consent: else who dare goe about it.

Arb. Giue consent?

VVhy I will haue them all that know it rackt
To get this from vñ : All that waites without
Come in, what ere you be come in, and be
Partakers of my Ioy : O you are welcome.

Mardonius the best newes, nay, draw no neerer
They all shall heare it : I am found no King.

Ent. Mar:
Bessus, and
others.

Mar. Is that so good newes?

Arb. Yes, the happiest newes that ere was heard.

Mar. Indeed twere well for you,
If you might be a little lesse obey'd.

Arb. On, call the Queene.

Mar. Why she is there.

Arb. The Queene *Mardonius*, *Panthaa* is the Queene,
And I am plaine *Arbaces*, goe some one,
She is in *Gobrius* house; since I saw you
There are a thousand things deliuerd to me
You little dreame of.

Mar. So it should seeme: My Lord,
VVhat fury's this.

Gob. Belceue me tis no fury,
All that he sayes is truth.

Mar. Tis verie strange.

Arb. Why doe you keepe your hats off Gentlemen,
Is it to me? a good faith it must not be:
I cannot now command you, but I pray you
For the respect you bare me, when you tooke
Me for your King, each man clap on his hat at my desire.

Mar. We will: but you are not found
Someane a man, but that you may be couer'd
As well as we, may you not? *Arb.* O not here,
You may, but not I, for here is my Father in presence.

Mar. VVhere?

Arb. Why there O the whole storie
Would be a wildernesse to loose thy selfe
For euer; O pardon me deare Father,
For all the idle, and vnreuerent words
That I haue spoke in idle moodes to you :

I am *Arbaces*, we all fellow subiects,
Nor is the Queene *Panthaa* now my Sister.

Bes. Why if you remember fellow subiect *Arbaces*, I tolde
you once she was not your sister, I say she look't nothing like

Arb. I thinke you did good Captaine *Bessus*. (you.

Bes. Here will arise another question now amongst the
Swordmen, whether I be to call him to account for beating
me, now he's prou'd no King. *Enter Ligones.*

Ma. Sir, heres *Ligones*
The Agent for the Armenian King.

Arb. Where is he, I know your businesse good *Ligones*.

Lig. VVe must haue our King againe, and will.

Arb. I knew that was your businesse, you shall haue
Your King againe, and haue him so againe
As neuer King was had. Goe one of you
And bid *Bacurim* bring *Tigranes* hither,
And bring the Ladie with him, that *Panthaa*
The Queene *Panthaa* sent me word this morning
VVas braue *Tigranes* mistresse.

Lig. Tis *Spaconia*. *Arb.* I, I, *Spaconia*.

Lig. She is my daughter.

Arb. Shee is so, I could now tell any thing
I neuer heard; your King shall goe so home
As neuer man went.

Ma. Shall he goe on's head?

Arb. He shall haue Chariots easier then ayre
That I will haue inuented; and nere thinke
He shall pay any ransome; and thy selfe
That art the Messenger shall ride before him
On a Horse cut out of an entire Diamond,
That shall be made to goe with golden wheelles,
I know not how yet.

Lig. VVhy I shall b. made
For euer, they belied this King with vs
And sayd he was vnkind.

Arb. And then thy daughter,
She shall haue some strange thinke, wele haue the kingdome
Sold vtterly, and put into a toy.

Which she shall weare about her carelesly
Some where or other.

See the vertuous Queene.

Enter Pan.

Behold the humblest subiect that you haue
Kneele here before you. *Pan.* VVhy kneele you
To me that am your vassall?

Arb. Grant me one request.

Pan. Alas, what can I grant you?

VVhat I can I will.

Arb. That you will please to marry me,
If I can proue it lawfull.

Pan. Is that all?

More willingly, then I would draw this ayre.

Arb. Ile kisse this hand in earnest.

Mar. Sir, *Tigranes* is comming though he made it strange
To see the Princeesse any more.

Arb. The Queene,

Enter Tig. and Spa.

Thou meanest: O my *Tigranes* pardon me,
Tread on my necke I freely offer it,
And if thou beest so giuen; take reuenge,
For I haue iniur'd thee.

Tig. No, I forgiue,
And a choice more that you haue found repentance,
Then I my libertie.

Arb. Maist thou be happie
In thy faire choice; for thou art temperate:
You owe no ranfome to the state, know that;
I haue a thousand ioyes to tell you of,
vvhich yet I dare not viter, till I pay
My thanks to Heaven for vme: will you goe
vvith me, and helpe me; pray you doe. *Tig.* I will.

Arb. Take then your faire one with you, and you, *Queene*
Of goodnesse, and of vs; O giue me leaue
To take your arme in mine: Come euery one
That takes delight in goodnesse, helpe to sing
Loude thanks for me, that I am prou'd no King.

